



# COBBETT'S MAGAZINE.

No. 7.]

AUGUST, 1833.

[Vol. II.

## CONTENTS.

	Page
I. THE LAKES AND THE LAKE POETS .....	1
II. THE REIGN OF SPRING .....	7
III. DOCTRINAIRE GOVERNMENT, AND THE FACTORY SYSTEM .....	9
IV. MOLLY GRAY; AN AMERICAN STORY .....	28
V. THE WATER-DRINKER .....	31
VI. A DEATH AND FUNERAL IN THE COUNTRY .....	32
VII. EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURES BY C. ROSSI, R. A.....	44
VIII. RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD HAT .....	49
IX. PATRIOTISM; OR, OUR LOVE FOR AND DUTY TO OUR COUNTRY— No. IV. ....	54
X. THE OLD AND NEW LONDON BRIDGES.....	61
XI. MODERN POETRY .....	65
XII. ADMINISTRATION AND OPERATION OF THE POOR LAWS .....	73
XIII. THE HOUSE-TAX DEFENDED .....	82
XIV. EVENTS OF THE MONTH .....	85
XV. CRITICAL NOTICES, &c. ....	93

LONDON:

11, BOLT COURT; AND EFFINGHAM WILSON'S,  
ROYAL EXCHANGE.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

---

With the present Number we commence a New Volume ; and have printed a Title page and Contents to Vol. I.

Communications for the Magazine may be addressed (post-paid) to the Editors, at No. 11, Bolt Court, Fleet Street.

The Contributions of all with whom terms for payment are not agreed to, will be considered as gratuitous.

Advertisements for the Magazine, sent to the Office, Bolt Court, on or before the 24th, will be inserted on the following Terms :—One Page, 20s. ; Half a Page, 10s. ; Eight Lines, 7s.

New Books, &c. sent to the Magazine for Review, should be forwarded as early in the month as possible. Works out late in the month must, of necessity, either stand over until the following Number, or be placed amongst the Critical Notices.

It is believed that COBBETT'S MAGAZINE affords to Advertisers a medium of disseminating information which other Monthly Works do not. It is known that the circulation of the Magazine is not exclusively amongst the Clubs, Circulating Libraries, and Reading Societies ; but has a considerable private circulation.

# COBBETT'S MAGAZINE.

---

No. 7.]

AUGUST, 1833.

[Vol. II.

---

## THE LAKES AND THE LAKE POETS.

---

I LEFT the *Salutation* Inn, Ambleside, early in the morning of Thursday the 4th of September, 182—. During the Lake-season it matters little what appearance a tourist makes: he is almost sure of a civil reception at an inn, it having been found out that great folks sometimes, through choice, travel on foot unattended—a circumstance favourable to the gentry compelled to do it through necessity, to whom, though it may have raised the prices, it has had the effect of insuring civility for their money. The previous evening the landlord showed me into a room, congratulated me on arriving that very night rather than the night following, as my Lord Somebody or other had engaged all the beds, and he was afraid the village was full. Alas! for the long bill of my Lord beheld by worthy Boniface in prospect! My Lord arrived sure enough, but early in the morning, whilst I was at breakfast—watered his horse, and drove on. I augured well from the landlord's civility—I was not mistaken: the waiters were obliging and attentive, eatables and drinkables pretty good, and none of them very dear—gratuities only about fifty per cent. on the whole bill—considering it was the plucking season, that period of the year when the great cities vomit forth that portion of their population which, under the pretence of seeking health and the picturesque, jaunt about the appropriate fashionable spots for amusement, and the pecuniary welfare of the whole tribe of petty marauders, as innkeepers, waiters, guides, and civil people who do nothing but annoy you, and yet would not be satisfied with the contents of a moderately well-filled purse. These are the greatest impostors of all: beware of them as you would of pickpockets!

AMBLESIDE is a small straggling market-town, or rather pretty considerable village, situated on the side of a hill, from which you have glimpses of the lower portion of Windermere Lake. Its market-place has an ancient appearance; indeed the place itself is of great antiquity, having been a station of considerable importance in the time of the Romans. The local antiquarians point out the place of encampment, the walls here and the ditches there; but to my eyes the mounds of earth and the hollows had a mighty resemblance to that pretorian, the pride and delight of Jonathan Oldbuck, but of which Edie Ochiltree "minded the bigging." A young Welshman with whom I visited the remains was, however, of quite a different opinion, and endeavoured to convince me of my error; and although he talked vastly learnedly of Cæsar's Commentaries, I was not to be argued out of seeing and

believing, greatly to his discomposure. The population may be about a thousand. The staple trade of the place seems to be accommodation for tourists: every house not an inn is a boarding-house, or very nearly so. The influx of visitors has created wants which the inhabitants have found it their interest to supply, the shops containing all the necessaries and many of the minor luxuries of the tourist.

GREEN, an artist of talent and provincial celebrity, lived in the market-place, but I fear his merit met with little encouragement. He engraved his own drawings in a style peculiar to himself, and well adapted to the character of the scenery he copied. He was assisted by his daughters, one of whom I remember at an exhibition of his drawings at Keswick many years ago, a sweet unassuming intelligent girl, whose natural suavity of manner was extremely interesting and engaging. I believe GREEN has been dead some years: he was, I understand, an ingenious and intelligent man, clever and accurate as an artist, as I can vouch from familiarity with most of the views he has taken. In the way of his art he was something of an enthusiast, and, it need hardly be added, his was the common fate of such. He evinced no mean talent, but mistook the way to make it profitable; he did every thing himself contrary to the rules of the "economists," who insist on the division of labour as necessary to the production of wealth; and, for once, I believe they are right.

In passing through it the tourist will pronounce Ambleside a queer irregular spot; its lanes or streets are either inclined planes, with a declivity of two feet in the yard, or hollows. Let him do as I did—walk down a lane leading to the banks of the clear little stream, the Rothay, flowing downwards to Windermere, and he will then see it is a pretty-looking place, charmingly situated on the breast of a hill, in the midst of fine mountain scenery. It is a capital resting-place for the tourist, with roads diverging at all points to all the most famous sight-affording places.

The labouring classes seem comfortably off, though in winter they must suffer, fuel being very dear. They are decently clad, but their manner is something sophisticated; there is a kind of smartness not quite rural about them, reminding me of the old saying, "God made the country, and man made the town," and affording one more proof that the former never comes in contact with the latter but for the worse. Their intercourse with strangers certainly polishes their native rudeness of manner, but it as surely deteriorates their sincerity, and their morality can never be the better for that; and the example of the dissipated habits of the town is thus transplanted into a fertile soil, and flourishes accordingly.

I walked along the banks up the stream of the Rothay towards Rydal, on the road to Keswick, entering the highway where some stones cross this pretty brook—for of river it hardly deserves the name.

Rydal Hall is an ugly square formal building, the seat of a Lady FLEMING, placed in the midst of fine wood immediately surrounding it, and which it disfigures; above it rises a magnificent plantation of oak, on the side of the fell, at the bottom of which it stands. Rydal waterfalls, I have been told, are worth seeing. I was unlucky enough not to get a sight of them, the man who shows them not being in the way,



and without him strangers were not permitted to enter the grounds, as I found on inquiry at a cottage hard by, a young inhabitant of which offered "to gang" for the showman, which I declined, knowing full well the mulcting I should have to undergo for employing her little bare feet in taking perhaps a ten minutes' walk. I should like to know whether this obstruction has been placed for the better securing of the gratuity, or because of the mischief done by visitors to the falls; mischief which the great, the respectable, and the low English vulgar—in a word, Fielding's mob—are prone to commit. I have a suspicion that the latter supposition has something to do with it.

The village of Rydal consists of ten or a dozen neat straggling houses, most of them close to the road-side.

Amongst noble mountain scenes in the midst of lakes is a fit residence for the Magnus Apollo of the Lakist school of poetry, and at Rydal Mount dwells the author of *Lyrical Ballads*, *Peter Bell*, and the *Excursion*; and here too is the district stamp-office, and its distributor is no other than—the poet WORDSWORTH! I had a peep at his house over the gate. I could just see it was cottage-like, the front covered with ivy, and that there was a profusion of flowers in the beds and borders of the grass plot and gravel walks. It is a retired quiet spot, but neither beautiful in itself—in that respect indeed reaching not beyond mere prettiness—nor should I think that was compensated for by any extensive view it can command, being nearly embosomed in wood.

I have met WORDSWORTH occasionally. Once I had the pleasure of being in his company for the greater part of a couple of days. If you are a good listener, he is a pleasant companion; he talks incessantly, and if his conversation be not very original or profound, it is sufficiently sprightly not to be tiresome. He has a trick of quoting scraps of Latin, which, however, he obligingly translates; at least he did so to me. The "*lethalis arundo*," shot by little JEFFREY in the high and palmy days of the Edinburgh Review clique, still festers in his side. He alluded to the criticisms upon him: he confessed they smarted: "but then," said he, "I felt them naturally enough, for my reputation as a poet was not then established; now it would be different—they would make no impression." He complained, too, of the acrimonious bickerings in the local newspapers; truly enough, for he had been severely handled in them. He was then tall and thin. His forehead is high; his eyes light grey and twinkling; his hair grizzly, but fast growing grey; but the lower parts of his face are of this world—worldly. His countenance did not strike me as intellectual, that is, out of the way; as far as my observation went, without a particle of expression; and I cannot conceive his ever having been handsome, even in youth. He speaks fluently; his language is good, but rather inflated and didactic; and his tone, and especially his air, have too much of the Sir Oracle in them to be pleasing—a something more than is agreeable, in the being constantly reminded of "the reputation of the established poet," which, to me, he appeared rarely to lose sight of. But, for all this, he has simplicity; and when he forgets himself in his subject, he is very delightful.

WORDSWORTH has had great injustice done to him; but no man has

done less justice to himself. He has persisted in his early puerilities since his powers became matured, when he ought to have known better. He has unquestionably written some fine pieces ; but much, very much, that is unworthy of his genius. There was in him that of the true poet, which, had he given it fair play, or cultivated it rationally, would have made for him an enduring name. He has been a voluminous writer. His longest poem, the *Excursion*, I have repeatedly attempted, but could not read. True it is, it has been much praised by his own set ; still I find it unreadable as a whole—but there are parts of it of powerful and vigorous thought, presented in a highly poetical dress. Of the much he has written, a marvellously small volume will suffice the curiosity of posterity. It is his own fault : no man ever so abused a fine fancy and vigorous mind, so capable of lofty imaginings. He possessed, in youth, the true essence of the poet—love for his kind, hope of their amelioration—ay, and the will, in no small degree, of the power to accomplish it. Alas ! alas ! WILLIAM WORDSWORTH hath renegadoed, become the mere eulogist of a noble, and sunk his capital of fame in the profits of a stamp-distributorship, conferred through the influence of his aristocrat patron, who, by means of government patronage, has been enabled to exchange solid pudding for self-praise, at the cost of the community—generous Mæcenas that he is ! To my mind, WORDSWORTH'S lines on “ Rob Roy's grave ” are his best ; they will live—a perpetual satire on his own memory.

But still the pedlar poet is not without redeeming traits in his defections : he is no hypocrite ; but he is an ascetic observer of the *high-toned* conventionalities ; and I wonder how he dared to become the defender of ROBERT BURNS, whose immoralities might have been overlooked had not his patriotism condemned him in the eyes of WORDSWORTH'S aristocrat friends and some few others, to say nothing of the hypocrites whose name is Legion. For his hearty, honest defence of BURNS, in the teeth of the canthers and the prejudices about him, I honour WORDSWORTH, and have a feeling of pride in being his fellow-townsmen. He was born in the little town of Cockermouth, in Cumberland ; and I could almost forget and forgive his being a sinecurist. Sinecurist ! say you ? Yes ; and I will tell you how : his distributorship is worth about eight hundred a-year (since Lord ALTHORP refuses returns of these pretty pickings, one must tell all one knows of them when opportunity offers) ; of this he gives some two hundred a-year to a deputy who does the work—no heavy affair, I warrant—himself pocketing the “ fragments.” Still, let me remind you, with the suspicion attaching ever to a renegade, WORDSWORTH, moving amongst aristocrats, stands forth the advocate of the ploughman-poet BURNS, and my heart warms towards him for it.

Since the two days I have spoken of, I have met WORDSWORTH once or twice in mixed company. I perceived a change. The pleasant talker had changed into the loquacious old man, impatient of others, repulsively egotistical, and an intolerant pronouncer of political anathemas, that fell, I will not say with what ill a grace from *his* lips—the renegade !

Close to the road-side, forming part of the village of Rydal, the main street of which is the highway, there is a most inviting, because

rural-looking cottage, built with the undressed stone of the mountain crag, with roses and jessamine creeping up the trellised doorway—but what a cheat! Suppose you are thirsty, and you will just step in and ask the cotter's wife for a drink of nice pure cool water. You knock, and step into an apartment damasked, Turkish carpeted, surrounded by elegant rosewood furniture—a delicate-looking dame, eyeing you suspiciously, requests to be favoured with the cause of the honour of your visit—you mutter something—she replies you are mistaken, and you retreat with the best face you can. Hapless tourist! if so it should chance for you to take this rural cottage for what it is not, know that you would be trespassing on the sacred precincts, the hired, but still holy premises of a Reverend Father in God, *BLOMFIELD*, a late bishop of Chester, who has gone, it is to be hoped, to a better place, and who, during his pilgrimage here, was wont to solace himself in seclusion and pure mountain air, after going through the arduous but dearly-paid duties of his diocese. The riddle was read; here was a natural solution of the elegant furniture, the purple cloth, and the fine linen I observed through the glazed diamond panes; for, on inquiring, I was told it was the hired lodging—of the Bishop of Chester!

After passing this little wilderness-palace, turn round, and view Rydal church, a little fantastic building of execrable design, Gothic (that is, the Norman pointed style of architecture), done by the village mason, with a steeple like the apex of a dove-cote, ornamented with a make-believe clock to match—looking for all the world like a baby-house on a larger scale than common. A plain building, in the fashion of the last-mentioned cottage, would have harmonised with the things around, picturesque and rural—provided it had not a bishop without. And besides, the whole was painted a flaming orange colour—verily, the family of the Daubs must muster in great force hereabouts.

Passing on, the road winds round the margin of a placid piece of water, called Rydal Mere, it may be a mile long or so, and a quarter of its length in breadth. The shore next the road is extremely reedy; the opposite side, a pretty abrupt rising ground, is wooded to the water's edge. A pretty view of the whole of it may be had from above a slate quarry on the right side of the road. About the middle are two small wooded islands; and at the lower end, near about where the *Rothay* takes its departure, is a small green islet; and further on are seen the cottage and the church, as ugly as contrast can make it. Rydal Mere is unquestionably a sweet, placid, pretty little piece of water; but though I happened to live on its banks, I should not, as *MR. WORDSWORTH* has done, give a preference to its prettinesses over the beauties, the magnificence, and the grandeur of the other lakes—*Windermere* close at hand too.

*Grassmere Lake* is at no great distance: a new road sweeps close upon its banks; I took the old one, inclosed on both sides by fine wood. For the first time in my life I saw a squirrel in its wild state; its breast was silvery white, its back and bushy tail of a dusky red. When first I noticed it, it was running on the top of a loose stone wall; as soon as it saw me, it sprang into a larch tree with wonderful agility, and leaping from bough to bough, I soon lost it in the foliage. This little animal's appearance threw some light on a board stuck up in a wood I passed through yesterday, forbidding squirrel-hunting under I

know not what penalties of the law. I did not before know, nor yet am I quite positive, that squirrels are game; but to such as are no better lawyers than I am, this minacious board would be apt to raise in their minds a strong presumption of the fact. How savage are men in the preservation of wild animals, which do not belong to them; and when they do, when they have been caught, how worthless are they! What folly this would be, if it were not merged in the height of its wickedness, seeing to what amount of misery, and crime, misery's sure companion, the game-laws daily give rise to in a country where—

“ Nut-brown partridges and brilliant pheasants,  
Ah! ye poachers, are no game for peasants.”

Where the old road opens into the new one, there stands a plain house, the little borders of its front neatly trimmed and containing a few holly-hocks. This was the residence of Mr. DE QUINCY, a person who, some few years ago, made a noise in the world as an opium-eater—at least, in the assumed character of one. With a head filled with the fumes of that poison, or more probably German mysticism, he wrote a book of his experience; more recently he has written a readable story, called *Klostermain*; and he was, perhaps is, a contributor to *Blackwood*. There was an air of greater neatness than common about it; but whether owing to its former or present occupant, I had no means of ascertaining: indeed, all I know of the matter is what a countryman told me. WORDSWORTH at Rydal, DE QUINCY on the banks of Grassmere, and WILSON, editor of *Blackwood* (Isle of Palms Wilson) and Moral Professor at Edinburgh, at Elleray, no great distance from Windermere and commanding a grand view of it, make this quite a literary neighbourhood. The contributors to *Blackwood* flock about WILSON as chickens do about an old hen, and, as I have been told, visit amongst the neighbourhood. On one occasion they were at Rydal Mount, and there were present, WILSON, JEMMIE HOGG, and some others of less notoriety, but still well known to the world. They were viewing the heavens, admiring the milky-way, or Bootes, or, for anything I know, the Great Bear, when HOGG made a remark, commencing with, “We poets—” WORDSWORTH, drawing one or two aside, said, “We poets—who are ‘we,’ I wonder?”

Grassmere Lake, near at hand, has more wildness than beauty; but wildness not approaching to grandeur: there is a valley both at its head and foot; the side on which the road runs is hilly and wooded; the opposite side consists of fells wild and rugged, but not of a character for boldness to give the air of grandeur which is imposing. If they had been covered with wood, it would have added much to the beauty of this sheet of water, which, however, seen at a distance above the vale of Grassmere, appears surpassingly beautiful. The water, as I saw it, had a deep dark green and glassy appearance—not a ripple ruffled its surface, reflecting every object with perfect distinctness. About the middle there is a conical-shaped green island; for its greenness (no disparagement to ill-used Ireland), it might be called Grassmere's Emerald Isle. A few firs grow upon it, and, to add to its attraction, the owner has erected a boat-house and white-washed it. This lake cannot much exceed two miles in length, and it may be something more than half a mile in breadth.

G. W.



## THE REIGN OF SPRING.

---

THE winds their requiem blasts have rung,  
The birds their gladsome songs have sung,  
And downward, from his blazing throne,  
The warm sun greets the farthest zone ;  
While April's hand, Spring's timid flowers

And colours gay, both lightly spread,  
To welcome in the dancing hours,

By June, first child of Summer, led :  
Earth's vernal carpet spreads her floor,  
With pied-hues partial dappled o'er,  
For Pleasure's nymphs in frolic play,  
To sport the changeful months away.

Hark ! to the rising hum that steals,  
Where Spring her charming reign reveals :

The sportsman plies his spreading oar,  
And hurried darts from shore to shore ;  
And through the mart, or on the stream,

O'er valley, mountain, field or isle,  
The world hath burst its wintry dream,

To mirror back creation's smile ;  
And wears so wild, so fair a hue,  
Where light hath pierced her bound'ries through,  
As seems to bring to man again  
The charms of Nature's primal reign.

Health breathes abroad upon the gale,  
And life beneath its spell grows hale ;  
And winding on its mazy flight,  
Makes earth look fresh as well as bright ;  
And bursting through the forest dim,

Or creeping round the green hill's side,  
Bears Nature's earliest vocal hymn

Harmonious on its airy tide :  
While birds their wintry thralldom spurn,  
Sweet sentinels of Spring's return,  
And wake life's slumberers as they fly  
With songs of gladness through the sky.

More fleet the currents flooded flow,  
With torrents from the mountain's brow ;  
Where, 'stead of winter's snowy sheen,  
Peers Spring's soft garb of glowing green ;  
While flocks, along their cloudy heights,

With daring feet, adventurous graze,  
Lured where the preying eagle lights,

Or sly the fiercer panther strays ;  
Where safe perchance awhile they lie,  
Like snow-mounds to the gazer's eye,  
Spread to the warm and genial sun,  
Midst foes they fear but will not shun.

There's glory in the beam that breaks,  
When Nature from her slumber wakes,  
At morning from its orient home,  
And crests the far-off ocean's foam ;



*The Reign of Spring.*

And kindling all it meets with light,  
 Extends through heaven its gleaming rays,  
 Till the dread universe, grown bright,  
 Seems bathed in one eternal blaze;  
 While life foregoes its dreary spell,  
 To time its daily tale to tell,  
 And Nature's teeming splendours roll  
 Their lightning transports through the soul.  
 There's glory in day's dying hour,  
 Ere night begins o'er earth to lower,  
 When blazing through the gates of heaven,  
 The chariot of the sun is driven,  
 And darting on his flaming way,  
 Round earth's huge Alleghanian pile,  
 He marshals all the charms of day,  
 To give the world his parting smile!  
 Ay! glory when enthroned on high,  
 The moon reigns queen of evening's sky,  
 Where light's ethereal splendour strays,  
 And stars beyond sublimely blaze.  
 Yea, Spring! there's glory in thy flowers—  
 Thy deep-toned storms and grutter showers—  
 Thy blades, whose myriads make thy plains  
 The lovelier where their verdure reigns—  
 Thy mighty oaks—thy landscapes wide—  
 Thy pines that peer o'er scenes of gloom—  
 Thy buds that deck the rude fence side,  
 Or those that nursed in gardens bloom—  
 Thy streams just freed from winter's chain,  
 To seek the broad and mightier main:  
 From earth to the expanding skies,  
 Thy glory greets our gladden'd eyes.  
 Thy scenes 'tis bliss to view and sing,  
 While rapture soars on fancy's wing,  
 And teeming earth throws off her thrall,  
 Back to existence blithe to call  
 Her countless throngs—her mantle green—  
 Each gayer glory of her power,  
 That grows more lovely and serene,  
 Through every brief revolving hour:  
 'Tis bliss to feel the spell that bears  
 The spirit from her grosser cares,  
 While Nature's beauties round us gleam,  
 Like phases in a wondering dream.  
 Trees leafless yet and lonely stand,  
 Bared by hard winter's frosty hand;  
 No fragrance sweet the air inhales,  
 To waft from blossoms on its gales;  
 But still there's beauty round me here,  
 That draws me, Nature! more to thee,  
 In this glad noontide of the year,  
 When all is rife again and free:—  
 And tells, in hailing Spring's return,  
 While rapture-thrill'd the spirits burn,  
 That Time life's transient gloom repays,  
 With better scenes, and brighter days!

*Banks of the Schuylkill, April, 1833.*

## DOCTRINAIRE GOVERNMENT, AND THE FACTORY SYSTEM.

---

*An Address to the Working Men of New England, on the State of Education and the Condition of the Producing Classes in Europe and America.* By SETH LUTHER. 8vo. stitched. New York, 1833.

*An Enquiry into the Causes of the Present Distresses, &c.* By W. REID. 8vo. stitched.

THE Whigs have found out that to attempt to perpetuate a physical force government in this country now would be fruitless: they have discovered that the ruling the many for the benefit of the few, by the old and gross mode of brute force, is no longer to be effected; and that fabricated mock conspiracies can no longer be made available for such a purpose. A class of men have arisen in France, called *Doctrinaires*, who, pretending to a much greater share of talent than the rest of their countrymen, and conventionally making very small pretension to morality, have come to the conclusion, that it is necessary for the few to govern the many; and, to effect this, that it is also necessary to adopt more subtle means than have been adopted hitherto. They have said, "We must govern by chicane and cunning; we must invent systems of politics, and, by the aid of ingenious sophistry, set our science up against common sense. The public purse will give us power to prove that our science is founded on truth, the press can be bought, and by and with such means we shall have no lack of clever men to aid us in humbugging the people." These are the men into the hands of whom the government of France has fallen. They have managed things very successfully: the Whigs have seen this, and have determined to emulate them; but as they had not the wit to invent this mode of government, neither have they sense enough to perceive that they have delayed too long; and, taking counsel from the conduct of their wiser brethren in France now, will not much avail them. Yet they have done this. They have allied themselves with a class of political economists, who profess to consider man as a mere piece of machinery, and only to be valued in proportion to his capability to produce wealth; and, to enable those men to *prove* their doctrines, commissions have been appointed, composed of men who are for the most part political adventurers, with power to collect what is called evidence, which is done secretly, and to manufacture books of their materials, to be published, with the aid of the people's money, at a mere nominal price. But this is not all: they fearing that their abstract *science* has not caught enough of gulls, writers are employed to lay the opinions contained in the volumes of evidence before the public in the more inviting shape of fiction; and one of the writers of these fictions tells us, that she has not exaggerated the pictures she had portrayed, but that they are founded on her own personal observation, and the "valuable evidence of the Poor Law Commissioners;" thus appealing to the mendacious book as an authority, the folly and knavery of which was

so completely exposed in our last number. The employment of fiction in the cause of Doctrinaire government is an English invention; its originators are welcome to the credit of it; but their fellow friends in France have not been slow to adopt this English mode of discriminating *truth*; they have already employed a certain political blue-stocking to do for France that which Miss MARTINEAU is so laudably engaged in for the benefit of England. The "*Illustrations of the Poor Laws*," like the Poor Law Commissioners' Report, is published at so cheap a rate, that it is very improbable it can pay its expenses, even with a very extensive sale; but the one is at the expense of the Government, and the other of a society of men, some of them members of the Government, and all of them interested in the supporting of the present system. But the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge seem even more arduous in their devotion to the cause they have undertaken than the Government itself. They have just issued another vehicle to promulgate their detestable doctrines—a periodical work, published by them, called a "*Companion to the Newspaper*," and sold for 1½d. per copy. Under the head of "*Operations of the Poor Laws*," we find the same lies stated as facts, and the same doctrines promulgated, as in the other two works. We suppose this last publication is intended for the use of common people: if so, the Society have cut out for themselves a task which they will find some little difficulty in executing. They will find some difficulty in proving to the poor that poor-laws are very bad things, and that as men they have not an abstract right, and as Englishmen a legal right, to existence. It is a very good maxim, never to leave that to another to do which you can do yourself. This is the same principle, in other words, which teaches us, as politicians, that power should never be granted out of the people's hands unnecessarily, and whenever it is, that power should be attended with proportionate responsibility. If these principles be acted upon, what need can we have for government police magistrates and a gendarme police in every peaceful village in England, to "*observe the conduct of the inhabitants*," when common sense points out, that the best mode of preserving the peace would be to recur to the ancient common law of the land, which teaches us that the conservators of the peace, from the coroner of the county to the petty constable, were all, in former times, elected by the inhabitants at large? But the Doctrinaires think differently, and a police, a gendarme police, is one of their favourite schemes.

All great accumulations of power collected into any one man's hands, and particularly when that power is unattended with responsibility, must always in some degree be dangerous to the rest of the community; and this is the reason which makes the power of the capitalist (we do not mean capitalist in the same sense as the economists use it) to be often so prejudicially exercised. It is this want of responsibility which has enabled the factory lords to tyrannise over their humble brethren, and caused so much inhuman oppression. Though, we fear, these are evils springing from the badness of the human heart, and can never be totally eradicated. A pamphlet has just reached us, by which we find that the money monster is working its baneful effects upon society in some parts of the United States. We have learnt from this

pamphlet, that the factory system is in as full vigour in New England as it is in this country. The author proceeds to draw a glowing picture of the state of the abject misery to which the manufacturing system of England has brought a large portion of the inhabitants of this country. The views of the writer are valuable, inasmuch as they tell us what is thought of our condition as a nation by the common people of the North American States; they cannot fail to be extremely interesting to our readers: we shall therefore extract at some length from our author.

"We fix our eyes on England, from whence came our fathers. We are induced to do so because we are called upon by a body of monopolists, alias manufacturers, to 'witness the splendid example of England.' See what manufactures have done for her. (This call is contained in a report written by the Hon. A. H. Everett.) He is supported by a senator from Rhode Island, who says, 'if all the gold and diamonds and precious stones in the world were implanted in the soil of Great Britain, it would be nothing compared to the mine of wealth she has found in her protecting policy.' Although we are, and ever have been, friendly to all that promised happiness to our country, we now wish to be expressly understood, as being a decided enemy to all systems, the tendency of which is to prevent the diffusion of intelligence. We think we shall be able to prove that 'all the gold and diamonds and precious stones in the world' would not pay for one half the misery of the producing classes in England. We shall also show that a great proportion of the misery and degradation of the starving population of that country is in a great degree produced directly by manufacturing operations, which have made England a 'splendid example' for our imitation. Perhaps some one will say, 'What have we to do with this subject? Let cotton mills take care of themselves.' We wish they might, (if they will abuse the power given by the people,) and if they always had taken care of themselves the country would not now be distracted and shaken from the extremities to the centre, by the protection given to men who are oppressing the poor by and with the power obtained from the people through the government. We hope to be able, however, to answer the proposed query satisfactorily to all humane men.

"It has always been the policy in imperial and kingly governments, to talk much about national glory, national wealth, and national improvement. The splendid victories, high titles, and refinements of the 'higher orders' are sounded forth by the governments and their parasites; this is answered by the degraded subject, who, while he cries *Vive le roi*, 'Long live the king,' knows not why he does so, and for the most part is at a loss for bread for his hungry family. Under such governments, the subjects are amused with carnivals, masquerades, military parades, imposing and splendid religious ceremonies, and national songs.

"This course is pursued by men in power, to keep the 'common people,' the 'lower orders,' from thinking, from reasoning, from watching the movements of emperors, kings, dukes, lords, and other villains, who are fleecing the poor. We shall find, notwithstanding all our boasted liberty and freedom, that there are many men in our own country who, in their way, are pursuing the same course. In viewing 'the splendid example of England,' we are not to look at present on the dazzling lustre of her national glory; for we do know, that in the exact ratio of the increase of the power and wealth and glory of all nations as such, so is the misery of the poor increased. We propose to draw aside the veil. We propose to make an attempt to dissipate the enchantment which distance lends to the view. We leave the crown, the coronet, the palaces, and all the glittering mockery which hides the rottenness within her borders from the view of men who are 'hankering after the flesh-



pots of despotic power.' We leave such things for the contemplation of those who 'sigh for butter in a lordly dish.' We will go where the poor are 'steeped to the lips' in filth and wretchedness, and deep degradation. We shall produce a picture which ought to make any man blush to be the author of that sentence, 'witness the splendid example of England,' unless his heart were adamant, and his face case-hardened steel.

"As a general remark, we observe that, for a long series of years, 40 per cent., or nearly one half of the population of England and Wales, (6,000,000,) have been without the means of a mere subsistence, and have been humbled to the condition of paupers, during some portion of the year, suing for relief from those who hold the property of the kingdom. Three millions of Englishmen are, throughout the year, relieved in workhouses, or from the poor-rates. Ireland, bleeding at every pore, under the weight of this 'splendid example,' is not included in this statement. Again: in London there are about 2500 persons committed for trial yearly. Amount of annual depredations, £2,100,000; 18 prisons; 5204 alehouses; annual amount of counterfeit coin, £200,000; 3000 receivers of stolen goods; 50,000 prostitutes; 10,000 servants at all times out of employ; 10,000 rise every morning without knowing how they are to subsist throughout the day. This is a small part of the 'splendid example of England.' In a report of the House of Commons it was stated, that out of 1500 families of poor, in the neighbourhood of Spitalfields, a manufacturing district in London, there were at least 300 cases of abject poverty and destitution, and at least one hundred of literal starvation. They were at the moment pressed by the landlord, baker, and tax-gatherer; had pawned and sold every thing that would bring money, and were absolutely without a morsel of bread for themselves or families. These persons are represented to be worthy, honest, and industrious, by the report of the House of Commons.

"We shall proceed to show that misery in horrid forms exists, particularly in the manufacturing districts of England. We shall produce indisputable evidence, from the testimony of English and American authorities, which will show conclusively that this misery is directly produced by manufacturing operations. Having done so, we shall show that we are, in these United States, following with fearful rapidity the 'splendid example of England.' An English writer says, the factory system is a system of the most horrid abuse of the noble animal and intellectual nature which God has given to the human species. In one factory, where 475 children are employed, 235 are between nine and twelve, 199 between twelve and fifteen, and 50 between fifteen and eighteen years of age. They are superintended by 15 men, and are compelled to come to their daily drudgery, every month in the year, at 6 o'clock in the morning, and to remain in the factory until 7 in the evening, and sometimes until 8 or 9, making fourteen or fifteen hours of labour in a day, with an intermission of but half an hour for meals, rest, and recreation. The consequence of this excess of toil is, that the growth of the body is checked, and the limbs become weak, and sometimes horribly distorted. These little slaves of the factory often fall asleep, and in this state of listlessness their fingers and hands get involved in the machinery. They are often frightfully mangled, and are then sent to the hospital. Dr. Smith, of the Leeds Infirmary, says, his attention was first drawn to this subject twelve years since, in consequence of the unusual number of cases of deformity of the lower extremities, sent from a neighbouring manufacturing town. He says, his surprise ceased when he ascertained the number of hours they were compelled to labour. Another English writer says, that it is proved, on undoubted authority, that children of very tender ages are compelled to work in mills from 12 to 15 hours, with only 30 minutes for all meals. They are employed in a heated and vitiated atmosphere during this time; and children of six years old are compelled to labour longer than a negro slave, or even an adult convict, whose hours of labour cannot by law exceed ten. Richard Oastler, Esq., in a speech made at Man-



chester or Leeds, England, said, 'In my opinion, the factory system has caused a great deal of the distress and immorality of the present time, and a great deal of the weakness of men's constitutions of the present time. When I contemplate the life of a factory child, my heart is filled with horror to think that human nature can be so corrupt; that one individual, calling himself a man, could live for a single day under the load of guilt, which he must feel as a man, who is causing such dreadful misery.' He gives us an example of one little child, 'for,' said he, 'the whole mass of factory woes would cloud your understandings, and make you like myself—*mad*. I will not present fiction to you, but tell you what I have seen. Take a little child; she shall rise from her bed at four in the morning of a cold winter's day—before that time, she awakes perhaps half a dozen times, and says, 'Father, is it time?—father is it time?' When she gets up, she feels about for her little bits of rags, her clothes, and puts them on her weary limbs, and trudges onward to the mill, through rain or snow, one or two miles, and there she works from 13 even to 18 hours, with only 30 minutes' interval. Homewards again at night she would go when she was able, but many a time she hid herself in the wool in the mill, not being able to reach home; at last she sunk under these cruelties into the grave.' Mr. Oastler said, he could bring hundreds of instances of this kind, with the difference, that they worked 15, instead of 18 hours. If these children were a moment behind the time to go into the mill, there stood a monster in human form, and as they passed he lashed them. One boy, for an absence of half an hour, was stripped and gagged, and flogged with a hazel stick, until the skin was flayed off from his neck to his hips.

"A member of parliament stated, that it rarely happened that persons brought up in factories lived over the age of 40 years; consequently the manufacturing districts were filled with orphans. The labour of children was so severe, that even adults must sink under its inhuman pressure. The hours of labour had from time to time increased, until no constitution, however robust, could withstand its inhuman pressure. The mortality among children, thus employed, exceeds by far that among others. The average longevity in a worsted mill employing over 400 females, does not exceed 13 years. A surgeon who travelled in Manchester found in one mill 167 children, and, out of that number, 47 were deformed from excessive labour. The demand for steel machines to prop up bent limbs, beautifully formed by nature, was so great, that one dispensary was obliged to refuse orders for them until the parish paid one half the cost. If children are idle in the mills, they are beaten with a leathern strap, or belt, of well-seasoned leather.

"What think you these miserable beings care about the 'splendid example of England?' Just as much as some of our statesmen and monopolists care about their misery, when they call on us to witness this example.

"The Hon. Z. Allen, of Providence (R.I.), has lately published 'The Practical Tourist,' from notes taken in Europe. He says, 'that the most highly-coloured sketches of the moral depravity of many of the manufacturing population of Manchester, England, fall short of the reality. Here virtuous and vicious females are brought into communion, without inquiry and without reproach;' and 'the passing traveller is induced to pause at the sight, and denounce such sources of present wealth, however overflowing and abundant.' 'While the enriching stream is undermining and contaminating the best interest of man, God forbid,' says Mr. Allen, 'that there ever should be a Manchester in the New World.' This is the testimony of an American manufacturer, a gentleman of great wealth, respectable scientific and literary attainments, and much practical knowledge. Yet we hear other gentlemen exultingly call Lowell, the Manchester of America. Are gentlemen willing to carry out the parallel according to the testimony of Mr. Allen? We hope not, at present, but we fear for the future. Already, at Lowell, 'a disturbance of the peace is of almost nightly occurrence,' and a riot is no strange thing.

"What kind of population do the manufacturing districts of England produce and foster? We give, in answer, the testimony of Mr. Hewitt, Agent for the American Temperance Society, who has lately returned from Europe. He says, 'The lower orders in Europe are as stupid as our slaves. Of this class are the Spitalfield weavers, eighty thousand in number, who are precisely like Southern slaves, except in colour; and have the appearance of savages and barbarians. All Europe (he continues) seems to be struggling to throw off the chains of a thousand years, but every effort seems to bind them faster. The reason is, the common people cannot govern themselves; and without the assistance of the common people, a free government cannot exist.' A most precious confession, and most noble truth. Mr. Hewitt does not give us a satisfactory reason why they cannot govern themselves, or how they became so degraded. The reason, and the only one, which can be given, is that they are buried in ignorance. But how did this happen? How became they so ignorant, so degraded, in a land famed for its colleges, philosophers, and statesmen? Let us examine, and if we can answer these queries with reference to England, to which Mr. Hewitt more particularly refers, it will throw much light on our subject. Dr. James Phillips Kay, of Manchester, England, treats this subject in a masterly manner; he gives us cause and effect in such a plain style, that those who are not wilfully blind must see the direful effects of a system so much extolled by men who care for nothing but cent. per cent. He says, 'The people employed in mills are crowded together in one dense mass, in cottages separated by narrow, unpaved, and almost pestilential streets, in an atmosphere loaded with the smoke and exhalations of a large manufacturing city. These operatives are engaged during twelve hours in a day, in a heated and enervating atmosphere, which is frequently loaded with dust and filaments of cotton, and consequently extremely unhealthy. They are engaged in an employment which absorbs their attention, and unremittingly employs their physical energies. They are drudges, who watch the movements, and assist the operations, of a mighty material force, which toils, ever unconscious of fatigue. The labour of the operative must rival the mathematical precision, the incessant motion, and exhaustless power of the machine. Hence, besides the negative results, a total abstraction from every moral and intellectual stimulus, the absence of variety, banishment from the grateful air and the cheering influence of light, the physical energies are exhausted by incessant labour and imperfect nutrition. Having been subjected to the prolonged labour of an animal, his physical energies wasted, his mind in supine action, the operative has neither moral dignity, nor intellectual nor organic strength to resist the seductions of his appetite. His wife and children, too, frequently subjected to the same process, are unable to cheer his moments of leisure. Domestic economy is unknown. Meals are prepared and devoured with heedless haste. Home has no other relation to him than as a shelter. It chiefly presents him with a scene of physical exhaustion, from which he is glad to escape. Himself impotent of all the distinguishing aims of his species, he sinks into sensual sloth, or revels in more degraded licentiousness. His house is ill furnished and uncleanly, frequently damp; his food is meagre and innutritious; he is debilitated and hypochondriacal, and he falls the victim of dissipation.' Here, then, are the causes which render the 'common people' unfit to govern themselves. Here we see the result of the operations of the factory system, in producing ignorance, vice, and misery. Here, also, is an answer to those who say that 'the majority of the labouring classes in the United States would be dissipated and drunken,' if not chained to the plough, the anvil, the broad axe, the work-bench, or the cotton-mill. Here is a looking-glass for those who, out of *pure benevolence*, keep their mills running at 'four per cent. profit,' that the free citizens of this republic may not be permitted to commit depredations upon the higher orders. Such imputations we repel with indignation, and despise alike the statements and

their authors. Dr. Thackrah, an eminent surgeon in Leeds, England, says, 'that children who work in factories are stunted, the vital principle suffers. Such persons are more liable to acute diseases. In a word, the factory system tends to produce a weak, stunted, and short-lived race.' He concludes by saying that the proposed measure before parliament for reducing the hours of labour to ten, is recommended alike by patriotism, justice, and humanity.

"We have now witnessed the 'splendid example of England,' and what do we discover? We find evils enough in the review to send the blood burning through our veins with indignation, or chilling with the recital of cruelties almost too horrid to name. We pity the man who, knowing these facts, would not feel his blood boil in his veins at the recital. A human being who could see and know these things, as they exist in Europe, and call upon us to witness the 'splendid example of England,' cannot, in our opinion, have the soul of a man. Perhaps it would not be too much to say, that those who are so eager after national glory ought to be condemned to travel eternally over mountains of gunpowder, shod with firebrands; exhibiting to all creation a 'splendid example' of punishment justly awarded to those who wish, and probably then would have, a high elevation above the vulgar farmer, mechanic, and labourer.

"Well might the Hon. Daniel Webster exclaim, in 1824, 'He saw nothing in a manufacturing population elsewhere to recommend it to us. He thought then there were great evils in it. He thought then that a population of that description ought not to be purchased at so much cost. He thought then manufacturing was an employment which tended to make the poor both more numerous and more poor, and the rich fewer in number and perhaps more rich. What he thinks now we cannot tell. In our review we have seen a large body of human beings ruined by a neglect of education, rendered miserable in the extreme, and incapable of self-government; and this, by the grinding of the rich on the faces of the poor, through the operations of cotton and other machinery. Have we not reason to exclaim, in the language of Goldsmith, when he says,—

"Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey  
The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,  
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand,  
Between a splendid and a happy land.'"

We much fear that SETH LUTHER has too good grounds for this account of the wretched state of abject poverty, ignorance, and misery to which a large part of the common people of England have been reduced while the lords and the monied aristocracy have had the governing of this country. If the writer has been unsparing to the lords of misrule in this country, he is much more severe on the monopolists and monied aristocracy of New England. It is to be hoped, for the sake of human nature, that the men who are perpetrating the wrongs he so feelingly depicts and strenuously deprecates, are not aware of the effects of their system: for if men, with their eyes open to the horrible nature of the working of the factory system, can deliberately prostrate beings endowed with the same faculties and sympathies of the heart with themselves to the most servile purposes of brutes, then the dark side of humanity is blacker than we were disposed to think it. But we believe that the foul passion of avarice carries along with the other debasing qualities attending it, a moral blindness to its loathsome deformities.

"We now turn to our own country; and would to God we could find no resemblance between the two nations relative to this subject; would we could

find nothing under the broad folds of the 'star-spangled banner' resembling the cruelties practised and the ignorance prevalent in England! We observed that it is becoming fashionable in our country to cry out about national glory, national wealth, march of improvement, march of intellect. We have pointed out to you the reason why the monopolists of Europe raise this cry, and you will, ere long, probably discover the same design in our own country: to wit, to prevent the common people, the 'lower orders,' by which our 'higher orders' mean farmers, mechanics, and labourers, from thinking, reasoning, and watching the movements of these same 'higher orders.'

"We have shown how great a mass of human misery is hidden in England, under the glare of national wealth and the splendour of national glory. You have visited the thick and crowded manufacturing town,—

"Where Avarice plucks the staff away,  
Whereon the weary lean;  
And Vice reels o'er the midnight bowl,  
With song and jest obscene."

"To hide existing, or anticipated and inevitable evils, of the like kind, resulting from like causes, our ears are constantly filled with the cry of national wealth, national glory, American system, and American industry. We are told that operatives are happy in our mills, and that they want no change in their regulations, and that they are getting great wages, saving 25 per cent. over and above their living. This stuff is retailed by owners and agents, and sold wholesale at the rate of eight dollars for a day's work of four hours in the capitol at Washington. This cry is kept up by men who are endeavouring, by all the means in their power, to cut down the wages of our own people, and who send agents to Europe, to induce foreigners to come here, to underwork American citizens, to support American industry, and the American system.

"The whole concern, as now conducted, is as great a humbug as ever deceived any people. We see the system of manufacturing lauded to the skies; senators, representatives, owners, and agents of cotton-mills using all means to keep out of sight the evils growing up under it. Cotton-mills, where cruelties are practised, excessive labour required, education neglected, and vice, as a matter of course, on the increase, are denominated 'the principalities of the destitute, the palaces of the poor.' We do not pretend to say that this description applies, in all its parts, to all mills alike—but we do say, that most of the causes described by Dr. Kay, of Manchester, are in active operation in New England, and as sure as effect follows cause, the result must be the same. A member of the United States Senate (the Hon. H. Clay) seems to be extremely pleased with cotton-mills; he says in the senate, 'Who has not been delighted with the clockwork movements of a large cotton manufactory? he had visited them often, and always with increased delight.' He says, the women work in large airy apartments, well warmed; they are neatly dressed, with ruddy complexions and happy countenances; they mend the broken threads, and replace the exhausted balls or bobbins, and, at stated periods, they go to and return from their meals with a light and cheerful step. (While on a visit to that pink of perfection, Waltham, I remarked that the females moved with a very light step, and well they might, for the bell rung for them to return to the mill from their homes in 19 minutes after it had rung for them to go to breakfast: some of these females boarded the largest part of half a mile from the mill.) And the grand climax is, that at the end of the week, after working like slaves for 13 or 14 hours every day, 'they enter the temples of God on the Sabbath, and thank him for all his benefits,'—and the American system, above all, requires a peculiar outpouring of gratitude. We remark, that whatever girls or others may do west of the Alleghany mountains, we do not believe there can be a single person found east of those mountains, who ever 'thanked God' for permission to work in a cotton-mill.



"Without being obliged to attribute wrong or mercenary motives to the Hon. Senator (whose talents certainly must command respect from all, let their views in other respects be what they may), we remark, that we think he was most grossly deceived by the circumstances of his visit. We will give our reasons, in a few words spoken (in part) on a former occasion, on this subject. It is well known to all, that when Honourables travel, timely notice is given of their arrival and departure in places of note. Here we have a case: the Honourable Senator from Kentucky is about to visit a cotton-mill; due notice is given; the men, girls, and boys, are ordered to array themselves in their best apparel. Flowers of every hue are brought to decorate the mill, and enwreath the brows of the fair sex. If nature will not furnish the materials from the lap of summer, art supplies the deficiency. Evergreens mingle with the roses, the jasmine, and the hyacinth, to honour the illustrious visitor, the champion, the very Goliath of the American system. He enters! Smiles are on every brow. No cowhide, or rod, or 'well-seasoned strap' is suffered to be seen by the Honourable Senator, or permitted to disturb the enviable happiness of the inmates of this almost celestial habitation. The Hon. Gentleman views with keen eye the 'clockwork.' He sees the rosy faces of the houris inhabiting this palace of beauty; he is in ecstasy; he enjoys the enchanting scene with the most intense delight. For an hour or more (not fourteen hours) he seems to be in the regions described in Oriental song; his feelings are overpowered, and he retires, almost unconscious of the cheers which follow his steps; or if he hears the ringing shout, 'tis but to convince him that he is in the land of reality, and not of fiction. His mind being filled with sensations, which, from their novelty, are without a name, he exclaims, 'Tis a paradise!' and we reply, If a cotton mill is a 'paradise,' it is 'Paradise Lost.'

"We would respectfully advise the Honourable Senator to travel *incognito*, when he visits cotton-mills. If he wishes to come at the truth, he must not be known. Let him put on a short jacket and trowsers, and join the 'lower orders' for a short time; then let him go into a factory counting-room, and pull off his hat, which he will be told to do in some of our 'republican institutions,' called cotton-mills; then let him attempt to get work for 75 cents or a dollar for 14 hours per day, instead of eight dollars for four hours, and he will then discover some of the intrinsic beauties of factory 'clockwork.' In that case we could show him in some of the prisons in New England, called cotton-mills, instead of rosy cheeks, the pale, sickly, haggard countenance of the ragged child—haggard from the worse than slavish confinement in the cotton-mill. He might see that child driven up to the 'clockwork' by the cowhide in some cases; he might see, in some instances, the child taken from his bed, at four in the morning, and plunged into cold water to drive away his slumbers and prepare him for the labours in the mill. After all this, he might see that child robbed—yes, robbed of a part of his time allowed for meals, by moving the hands of the clock backwards, or forwards, as would best accomplish that purpose. We could show him 'clockwork' with a peculiar escapement, having power to move a whole factory village from three to six hundred miles east or west, (from any other place, no matter where,) by calculation of longitude. In one case we find Exeter, N. H. 600 miles west of Boston, by the operation of this factory 'clockwork.' The Honourable Gentleman might see patent lever 'clockwork' of the first quality running on diamonds, which never was guilty of keeping the true time while in the atmosphere of a manufacturing village, or in the pocket of an agent, overseer, or owner of a cotton-mill. He might see in some, and not unfrequent instances, the child, and the female child too, driven up to the clockwork with the cowhide, or the well-seasoned strap of 'American manufacture.' We could show him many females who have had corporeal punishment inflicted upon them; one girl, eleven years of age, who had her leg broken with a



billet of wood ; another, who had a board split over her head by a heartless monster in the shape of an overseer of a cotton-mill 'paradise.'

"We shall omit entering more largely into detail for the present, respecting the cruelties practised in some of the American mills. Our wish is to show that education is neglected, and that as a matter of course, because if 13 hours' actual labour is required each day, it is impossible to attend to education among children, or to improvement among adults. With regard to hours of labour in cotton-mills, there is a difference here as well as in England. In Manchester, 12 hours only is the rule, while in some other towns in England many more are required.\* The mills generally in New England run 13 hours the year round, that is, actual labour for all hands ; to which, add one hour for two meals, making 14 hours' actual labour—for a man, or woman, or child, must labour hard to go a quarter, and sometimes half a mile, and eat his dinner or breakfast, in 30 minutes, and get back to the mill. At the Eagle Mills, Griswold, Connecticut, 15 hours and 10 minutes' actual labour in the mill are required ; at another mill in the vicinity, 14 hours of actual labour are required. It needs no argument to prove that education must be, and is almost entirely, neglected. Facts speak in a voice not to be misunderstood, or misinterpreted. In eight mills, all on one stream, within a distance of two miles, we have 168 persons who can neither read nor write. This is in Rhode Island. A committee of working men in Providence report, 'that in Pawtucket there are at least 500 children who scarcely know what a school is. These facts,' say they, 'are adduced to show the blighting influence of the manufacturing system, as at present conducted, on the progress of education ; and to add to the darkness of the picture, if blacker shades are necessary, to rouse the spirit of indignation which should glow within our breasts at such disclosures, in all the mills which the inquiries of the committee have been able to reach, books, pamphlets, and newspapers are absolutely prohibited. This may serve as a tolerable example for every manufacturing village in Rhode Island.' In twelve of the United States, there are 57,000 persons, male and female, employed in cotton and woollen mills, and other establishments connected with them ; about two-fifths of this number, or 31,044, are under 16 years of age, and 6,000 are under the age of 12 years. Of this 31,044, there are, in Rhode Island alone, 3,472 under 16 years of age. The school fund is, in that state, raised in considerable part by lottery. Now, we all know that the poor are generally the persons who support this legalised gambling ; for the rich, as a general rule, seldom buy tickets. This fund, then, said to be raised by the rich for the education of the poor, is actually drawn from the pockets of the poor, to be expended by the rich on their own children, while this large number of children (3,472) are entirely and totally deprived of all benefit of the school fund, by what is called the American system : actually robbed of what is emphatically their own, by being compelled to labour in these 'principalities of the destitute' and these 'palaces of the poor,' for 13 hours per diem, the year round. What must be the result of this state of things ? 'We cannot regard, even in anticipation, the contamination of moral and political degradation spreading its baleful influence throughout the community, through the medium of the uneducated part of the present generation, promulgated and enhanced in the future, by the increase of posterity, without starting with horror from the scene, as from the clankings of a tyrant's chain.' Perhaps some may (as they have done) ask, why do so many go to these mills, if they are such evil places ? We answer, that the public are entirely deceived, as to the facts of the case. We have endeavoured to expose that deception ; and further, we are autho-

---

\* "In the cotton-mills in France, during the longest days in summer, the help commence work at 6 o'clock A.M., work till nine, when one hour is allowed for breakfast, and another hour at dinner, between 2 and 3 P.M., and the daily labour of 12 hours is finished about sunset."—*Allen's Practical Tourist*.

rised to say to any man, be he who he may, who represents the population employed in cotton-mills to be a happy and contented people, and who wish no amelioration in their condition, that the statements to that effect are false. We appeal to the tens of thousands under the tyrannical government of the mills to support us in that assertion. Not only so; those who misrepresent the population thus employed, know their own statements to be false. It cannot be otherwise. We have said that the public are deceived; we have shown, in part, how they are deceived; we will give more evidence to that point. If one girl in a mill earns, by extra exertion, 4 dollars per week, it is blazed abroad, from Maine to Mexico, that the girls in that mill earn from 1 to 4 dollars per week; if an overseer gets 43 dollars per month, and the men under him from 10 to 20, clear of board, it is proclaimed that the men get from 10 to 43 dollars per month, 'according to their strength.' This is the same as saying, that all the officers of the United States get from 300 to 25,000 dollars per annum, according to their strength; and there is as much sense in one as the other, and one proves as much as the other. These factory owners are very fond of using the rule of average, and they prove every thing by that rule. One of them, who said 'the poor must work or starve,' used this rule to prove that the profit on manufacturing was but 4 per cent. He said one factory commenced operation in 1806, and by 'judicious management' cleared 300,000 dollars; another, commencing at the same time, sunk 150,000 dollars, by 'careless and injudicious management.' Now, strike an average on this loss on one hand, and gain on the other, and the profit on cotton-mills is four per cent. Only give us this rule of average, and let us use it in this way, and we will prove that Washington and Arnold were both traitors, or patriots, which you please; because we will average the treason of the one with the pure patriotism of the other, and the sum is done. By such means are the public deceived. Again, people are induced to go into the mills to work by a direct and false appeal to the passion of avarice; but why do they not leave, when they find they are deceived? We will give some of the reasons. In many mills, the overseers are ordered by the agents to tell the help, that if they leave that establishment, the agents will write to all the other factories, and tell their agents not to employ them. At Dover this has been done, and we know of other places where the same thing is practised. Other means are resorted to. If a girl is discharged from the service of the company for any fault—and the agent is the judge in all cases—she cannot get her pay short of two weeks; so that if she has two or three dollars due, and is 100 or more miles from home, she must wait on that mammoth company a fortnight for her pay; by this time, she is in debt for her board, and she must either go to the agent, and humbly ask him to give her employment, or starve. He, knowing that 'the poor must work, or starve, and that the rich will take care of themselves,' *humanely* takes her into the cotton-mill 'palace' on his own terms. We do not say that this is the exact mode of procedure; but we do say, that it is a natural consequence of that one-sided and arbitrary rule. The hands are compelled to work for 'such wages as the company sees fit to pay,' to pay all fines assessed, without knowing what the prices or fines may be. Hands are liable to be discharged at any moment, but they cannot discharge themselves short of a fortnight's notice. Cotton mills are called 'republican institutions.' At Dover, we understand, when any of the workmen go into the 'presence,' in the counting room, they are told to pull off their hats: one man who entered the 'presence chamber' did not do this, and gave as his reason, that no person was in when he entered; therefore, he did not conceive it necessary. He was told, 'I will let you know, you must take off your hat to respect the office!'

"We must here give one more proof of the republican nature of these institutions. Mr. F., a machinist of Dover, was a candidate for the legislature of New Hampshire, set up by the working men. On the day of election, he

was asked by S., foreman of the company's machine shop, if he meant to stand as a candidate. F. replied, 'You have had conversation enough with me to know my opinion on that subject.' S. said, 'I am authorised to say to you, that if you do stand, or are elected, you will be discharged, and that to-morrow morning.' F. said, 'If you say positively I shall be discharged, I shall not take myself out of the way on any consideration whatever.' S. faltered a little, and said, 'I will not say positively, but probably.' F. said to S., 'If you think I will be deprived of my rights by such threats, you don't know me. Am I to be deprived of my rights, my citizenship, by a manufacturing company?' On this they separated. F. was not discharged the next day, because, the supposition is, the company had no excuse which would satisfy the public. Mr. F. was elected, and attended the session of the legislature. On his return, he called on the agent, who told him he had no more work for him, and said F. had broken his contract. He asked, 'What is the contract?' 'You agreed to work for a year.' 'You are mistaken; I am under no such contract.' The agent said, 'I directed Mr. S., an officer under me, to make such a contract with all who would do so.' 'Now,' said F., 'I can tell you to what time you allude. At that time, there was a considerable complaint of low wages. Mr. S. came into the shop, and said, to all those who were satisfied with the wages, that would or should be the standard for the year. I said, for one, I shall be satisfied. Now, suppose I had gone to see my friends three or four weeks, would you have discharged me?' 'No,' said the agent. 'If I had been unwell, or about street, or any where else, except at the legislature, would you have discharged me?' 'No,' said the agent. I am informed that this Mr. F. bears a character without reproach, and was before on friendly terms with S. During the conversation on election day, F. said to S., 'It has always been said that manufacturing incorporations are aristocratical, and although they deny it in all cases, this proves the allegation to a demonstration.' But how does this affect the persons not employed in the mills? What have we to do with this tyranny in the mills? We answer, that the owners of mills oppose all reduction in the hours of labour, for the purposes of mental culture. Not that they care about hours of labour in cities, but they fear the 'contagion' will reach their *slave mills*. Hence they go into the shop of the carpenter, and others who carry on business, and actually forbid them to employ what they sneeringly call 'ten-hour men,' telling the employers, you shall not have our work unless you do as we say. We have appealed to their sense of justice, their sense of humanity, their love of country, to consider the evils they are bringing on the poor, through ignorance. What has been the reply? One says, 'If a man offers to work for me ten hours, I will kick him off my premises;' another says, 'I will shut down my gates, and you will starve in a week, and rather than do that you will work on our terms.' Another says, 'Oh, they can't stand it more than a day or two, and they will soon come back and beg to go to work;' while the official organ of the Rhode Island manufacturers gravely asserts that these same people are saving 25 per cent. of their wages, clear gain, and a Rhode Island representative is telling us how much better we are situated than Southern slaves. Now, when these men want the votes of the working men, they will say, 'in strains as sweet as angels use,' 'Fellow-citizens, we want your assistance; give us your voices, your voices, your *sweet* voices.' But if you want time to improve your minds, take care of your families, and educate your children, you are called 'disturbers of the peace,' 'agitators,' 'an unholy alliance,' 'disorganisers,' a 'dangerous combination against the higher orders.' Such, fellow-citizens of New England, is the language used to you and respecting you. While these men are boasting that they 'can take care of themselves;' while they are dependent on you every moment for the protection of that property, which they have obtained from your bones, and sinews, and heart's blood, they are using it in an attempt to starve you into submission.

This is no fiction; the speaker has heard merchants say, in a public room, in a public hotel in Boston, that 'the shipwrights, caulkers, and gravers had given up, and thrown themselves entirely on our mercy.' '*Our mercy!*' Are we ready for that word? Do not your hearts throb with one pulsation as you answer No? Is not that reply echoed from old Bunker's Height, where freemen stood, and freemen fell, rejecting the mercy and scorning the power of tyrants?—We ask for mercy from no being but the merciful God; and we hold in utter scorn any man who would offer or receive mercy in such a case; and we announce, with unfeigned pleasure, that the Boston shipwrights, caulkers, and gravers never have asked or received, nor ever will ask or receive, mercy from aristocrats, be they merchants, manufacturers, or any other republican tyrants.

"As we have adverted to Bunker's Hill, we remark, in passing, that the unfinished monument is a most excellent emblem of our unfinished independence. There let it stand unfinished, until the time passes away when aristocrats talk about mercy to mechanics and labourers—there let it stand unfinished until our rights are acknowledged, and we, as working men, will carry it to its destined height, without screwing a five dollar bill out of the hard earnings of the poor man, or appealing to our fair countrywomen to replace money which we believe has been expended extravagantly—leaving, after all, that structure a monument of disgrace to this age and this nation, and a deeper, blacker disgrace to some of its managers, who, while they are calling on us for money to raise a monument to national glory, are using their influence to prevent us from improving our condition in any way whatever.

"The situation of the producing classes in New England is at present very unfavourable to the acquisition of mental improvement. That 'the manufacturing establishments are extinguishing the flame of knowledge,' we think has been abundantly proved. It is true there is a great cry about the schools, and lyceums, and books of 'sentiment, and taste, and science,' especially at Waltham. But of what use is it to be like Tantalus, up to the chin in water, if we cannot drink? The Waltham people seem to be much in the situation of the horse, whose master was asked if he ever fed him. 'Feed him!' replied he; 'now that's a good un: why, he's got a bushel and a half of oats at home, only he aint got no time to eat 'em.' One evil attached to some mills we have not as yet noted—it is this: at Waltham it is, or has been, the case, that all who go to work there are obliged to pay for the support of the minister employed by the corporation, and then we hear the corporation boasting of supporting religious worship. This is, or has been, the case at Leicester, Massachusetts, and at Saxonville, in Framingham; so that liberty of conscience is infringed, in direct violation of the law of the land. At York Company Mills, in Saco, Maine, all who are employed are compelled to go to meeting; so that a Catholic must violate his conscience by attending on a Protestant meeting, or the reverse, and so with all other denominations who do not happen to have a meeting of their own kind at Saco. This is palpable injustice. It seems the owners of mills wish to control their men in all things; to enslave their bodies and souls, make them think, act, vote, preach, pray, and worship, as it may suit 'We, the Owners.' That the influence of manufacturing, as now conducted, is detrimental to the public, is beyond dispute. The whole system of labour in New England, more especially in cotton-mills, is a cruel system of exaction on the bodies and minds of the producing classes, destroying the energies of both, and for no other object than to enable the 'rich' to 'take care of themselves,' while 'the poor must work or starve.' The rich do take care of themselves, in one sense, both in this country and Europe. While the daughters of these nabobs are 'taking care of themselves,' while they are gracefully sitting at their harp or piano in their splendid dwellings, while music floats from quivering strings through perfumed and adorned apartments, and dies with gentle cadence on the delicate ear of the



rich, the nerves of the poor woman and child in the cotton-mill are quivering with almost dying agony, from excessive labour, to support this splendour; and, after all this, if that woman or child should lose five minutes' time out of 13 hours, she is docked a quarter of a day. In one mill, we learn that a little girl was cut off in time one and a quarter days for 25 minutes, that is, one quarter for five minutes for five days in succession. We believe this is a part of what is called 'judicious management.' If these things are so (and we challenge contradiction), are we not justified in making an 'excitement,' and in forming a 'combination' to check these growing evils? Unless these evils can be remedied, are we not justified in 'denouncing these sources of present wealth, however overflowing and abundant, while the enriching stream is undermining and contaminating the best interests of man?' 'If education and intelligence is the only sure foundation of public safety,' and if we are convinced that there are causes in active operation sapping and mining that foundation, can any man say 'It is nothing to me?' 'If the children of the poor ought to be instructed as well as the rich,' ought we not to see that it is done? If it depends on education whether we 'live in a peaceable, orderly community, free from excess, outrage, and crime, can we say it is nothing to us?' Who knows that, in the course of events, his son or daughter, or sister or brother, will not be driven into a cotton-mill by the hard hand of adverse fortune, and be made to suffer the evils we have described? If 'without the assistance of the common people a free government cannot exist,' and we find that the capability to govern depends on intelligence and learning, is it not a fearful reflection that so many thousands of children are deprived of education, and so many adults of every opportunity for mental improvement? Let us no longer be deceived. Let us not think we are free until working men no longer trust their affairs in the hands of designing demagogues. But some manufacturers say, 'It is not so bad as it is in England yet; and when it is, it will be time enough to mend.' That man must have a very benevolent heart who can say such things. As well might he say, 'The cholera is not so severe in Boston yet as it has been in New York; so it is of no use to take any measures to prevent its spread.' We are told that we are not yet so poor as they are in England; we do not yet have to exist on oatmeal and potatoes, and therefore we ought not to complain. This is the same as saying, 'We will cut off one of your arms to support American industry, and you must not complain; for in other countries they cut off both arms.' Witness the 'splendid example of England.' The manufacture of cotton to advantage, as it is called, commenced in deception and fraud. Fifty-seven years ago, Sir Richard Arkwright commenced spinning 'good round yarn;' and from that time the abject misery of the poor, in England, has increased with a fearful rapidity. Forty-two years since (1790), the first cotton-mill was erected in Pawtucket (R. I.). It was hailed as a happy era in our history; so was the same thing hailed in England. It has made England great, and splendid, and rich; and as degraded and as miserable, as great, and rich, and splendid. One of the authorities we have produced says, that the hours of labour have, from time to time, increased in England, until 'no constitution can withstand its inhuman pressure.' Such has been the case during the 42 years we have had cotton-mills; and the constitutions of the operatives in this country are sinking, at this moment, under its 'inhuman pressure.' We have seen one thousand girls pour out, at noon, of one establishment alone, and most of them bore the marks of sickly debility. Will this be denied? If so, be it known that these females pay out of their wages ten hundred and forty dollars per annum; and that sum, we are told, is used for *medicine* alone. We are informed that this fund frequently falls short. Now, what must become of these persons when they shall become unable to work? Will owners support them? No! 'They have not even the assurance of the most wretched corn-field negro in Virginia, who, when his stiffened limbs can no longer bend to the lash,' must be supported by his



owner. But those who work in cotton-mills, after all their energies are destroyed by the same causes, so definitely described by Dr. Kay, of Manchester, must be supported in some way. Then the burden will fall on the public where the persons belong; after they have amassed immense wealth, not for themselves, but owners, they will be thrown on the public resources, and drag out a miserable existence in a poor-house.

"It has been said that the speaker is opposed to the American system. It turns upon one single point—if these abuses are *the* American system, he is opposed. But let him see *an* American system, where education and intelligence are generally diffused, and the enjoyment of life and liberty secured to all, he then is ready to support such a system: but so long as our government secures exclusive privileges to a very small part of the community, and leaves the majority the 'lawful prey' to avarice, so long does he contend against any 'system' so exceedingly unjust and unequal in its operation. He knows that we must have manufactures—it is impossible to do without them; but he has yet to learn that it is necessary, or just, that manufactures must be sustained by injustice, cruelty, ignorance, vice, and misery, which is now the fact to a startling degree. If what we have stated be true—and we challenge denial—what must be done? Must we fold our arms and say, it always was so, and always will be? If we did so, would it not almost rouse from their graves the heroes of our revolution? Would not the cold marble, representing our beloved Washington, start into life, and reproach us for our cowardice? Let the word be—Onward! onward! We know the difficulties are great, and the obstacles many; but, as yet, we 'know our rights, and knowing, dare maintain.' We wish to injure no man, and we are determined not to be injured as we have been; we wish nothing but those equal rights which were designed for us all; and although wealth, and prejudice, and slander, and abuse, are all brought to bear on us, we have one consolation, 'we are the majority.'"

The writer of the other pamphlet heading this paper, in common with the "economists" of every class, has founded all his arguments on the assumption that the acquisition of wealth, and the promoting of the facilities towards the successful pursuit of avarice, are the legitimate objects of the science of political economy. It is an opinion too generally prevalent, that this science relates merely to the *acquisition* of national wealth, and has no relation to the manner of its distribution throughout the community at large. This opinion has been fostered directly by a class of men, the object of whom is, by perverting truth, to make the science a weapon to strengthen the few who govern the many; and, indirectly, by another class, among whom we must place the writer of the above pamphlet, and who, by the tenor of all their writings, seem to suppose, that to doubt that the increasing wealth of a nation is an universal blessing, would be as absurd as to doubt the truth of the most self-evident mathematical axiom. Yet there are men, and that, too, with no inconsiderable portion of common sense, who not only doubt this, but disbelieve it *in toto*. It requires a very small exertion of the faculties of these men to perceive, that the extreme affluence of the rich must necessarily make the humble feel, to a greater degree, the pressure of their own poverty. It is when the rich man and the poor man find themselves in the same market, in the character of purchasers, that the latter feels his poverty increased by the abundance of the rich man's wealth. The many proofs of honest intentions and right feeling which we find displayed in this pamphlet, are suffi-

cient evidence, to our mind, that he does not belong to the class of men whom we have already mentioned, and whom we can never sufficiently reprobate.

"Constituted as the world is, distress always must prevail in it to a greater or less extent. The causes of distress are unfortunately too numerous—they might be said to be universal—to admit of any nation being altogether exempt from its all-pervading influence. However rapidly a nation may be bounding forward in the career of prosperity, and however happy and contented the great body of the people of that nation may be, compared with that of other nations, situated in less favourable circumstances, still individual cases of distress will present themselves to a close observer, only seeming the more severe, perhaps, from contrast with the general prosperity which surrounds them, as the shade of the brightest sunshine always seems the darkest."

This "always was and always must be," has always been the favourite stalking-horse of the Tories, and all other lords of misrule. It has been made the justification of the grossest and foulest acts of injustice and tyranny. It involuntarily comes home to our minds, that some compromise—some trifling with principles—is intended, when a man talks in this way. The writer proceeds to descant, in an argumentative manner, on some of the assertions and reasonings of Dr. SMITH and Mr. MACCULLOCH. The subjects are too abstract to be generally interesting, and they scarcely admit of abridgment; therefore, to those of our readers who take an interest in the question, whether the labour of man, or the productive powers which are inherent in the laws of nature, is the origin of wealth, we must refer them to the pamphlet itself. The writer next proceeds to consider the causes of the prevailing distress, which has arisen from the acts of the legislature. These causes he describes as—"*First*, the absurd system of what is called 'free trade;' *secondly*, the radically-defective system of banking in England; and, *thirdly*, the severe and unequal pressure of taxation." On the subject of free trade, we cannot do better than let the writer state his opinions for himself:—

"Our attention is first required to the absurd system of trade. This is usually denominated the system of 'free trade,' though there certainly never was a more thorough misnomer. For trade, so far from being free, is shackled by almost innumerable useless and mischievous restrictions; while, where it is partially left free, it should have been fettered—our wise legislators, like unskilful drivers, having pulled the wrong rein. Thus, the trade in corn, the staple article of consumption, and the cause of increased demand for every other species of consumable commodity, is restricted by a scale of duties which, in ordinary seasons, act as a perfect prohibition to its importation at all, and, by necessary consequence, as a complete check to the wealth of the nation proceeding beyond a limited point. So long as there is any, even the slightest restriction on the importation of corn, and other articles of food, there can be no such thing as freedom of trade in the proper sense of the word. To attempt to make trade free in regard to manufactured products, such as silks and gloves, so long as the corn laws disgrace the statute book, is to perpetrate a manifest injustice on our own manufacturers.

"The injury which the corn laws inflict on this country are forcibly explained, though it is believed greatly underrated, by Mr. Macculloch in the following passage:—"It may, therefore, be concluded, that of the enormous sum of about nineteen millions, which the restrictions on the corn trade take in

ordinary years from the consumers, not more than five find their way into the pockets of the landlords. The other fourteen millions are entirely lost, or, which is the same thing, are entirely swallowed up by the increased expenses attending the cultivation of the bad soils, to which the corn laws force us to have recourse. Instead, then, of its being true, as has sometimes been alleged, that the corn laws assist in enabling the country to make good the taxes necessary to pay the interest of the public debt, and the expenses of the peace establishment, it is obvious that they form, of themselves, by far the greatest of all the burdens we have to sustain. They do not, like an ordinary tax, transfer wealth from one portion of the public to another; but, on the most moderate estimate, they occasion a positive destruction—a dead annual loss of not less than fourteen millions!

“After this clear and forcible exposition of the great evils of the corn laws, one would naturally expect that Mr. Macculloch would contend for their utter abrogation. Far from this, however: in another of his works, he says, ‘If it be really true that agriculture is more heavily taxed than any other branch of industry, the agriculturists are entitled to demand that a duty be laid on foreign corn when imported, corresponding to the excess of burdens affecting them. It has been doubted, however, whether they are in this predicament. But though the question be by no means free from difficulty, we should be disposed to decide it in the affirmative, being pretty well satisfied that, owing to the local and other burdens laid on the land, those occupying it are really subjected to heavier taxes than any other class.’ He goes on to estimate this excess of burdens affecting the agriculturists as about equivalent to 6s. the quarter on corn raised in this country, and comes to the conclusion that they are entitled to a protective duty of that amount. Now, granting that it were true that the agriculturists are so taxed, we contend that the conclusion he attempts to draw from the premises is grossly erroneous and illogical. It is no reason, it is contended, why the community in general should be taxed, that the agriculturists are heavily taxed. It may be a sufficient reason why the taxes affecting the agriculturists, like all other partial and unequal taxes, should be repealed; but we know of no principle, either in morals or in logic, why injustice ought to be inflicted on the whole community, because it has been inflicted on one class.

“Besides, it is obviously quite inconsistent in Mr. Macculloch to argue in favour of an absolutely free trade in manufactured products, while he argues against such a free trade in corn; because if agriculturists are entitled to protection in consequence of their industry being taxed, surely manufacturers are equally entitled to protection when their industry is taxed. Now, the object and tendency of the corn laws is to transfer from the agriculturists a fair share of these burdens to the manufacturing classes; and it is admitted by Mr. Macculloch that it does so—nay, that the latter are taxed to the extent of nineteen millions that the agriculturists may put five millions into their pockets; and yet he argues that the manufacturers ought to submit without a murmur to the additional burden of a competition with foreign manufacturers who are not so taxed. One knows not which to admire most—the justice or the logic of such a proposition.

“Let it not be supposed, however, that we are enemies of free trade. We were unworthy disciples of Quesnay were we capable of advocating the imposition or retention of a single restriction on any description of trade or industry. At the same time we are perfectly convinced, that so long as corn is taxed, freedom of trade is not only not beneficial, but is, on the contrary, injurious; and that those who complain of our present system of what is called free trade, have both truth and justice on their side. Far better, however, that such injury should be inflicted, than that we should resort to the false principles of vainly attempting to foster any description of industry by restrictions

and prohibitions. The finale of the present system, should it be much longer persevered in, cannot be far distant. It requires no prophetic powers to tell what must happen, in the event of a scarcity, when even in ordinary seasons the capital of the middle classes is rapidly diminishing. Let us not, however, despair that the Government may, even at this the eleventh hour, open its eyes to the fearful abyss to which the country is slowly, though steadily, tending, and by a radical change in our commercial policy, rescue it from otherwise inevitable destruction."

What he remarks on the apathy which the public display towards the question of banking, is just.

"To a reflecting person, if any thing could appear wonderful, nothing would be more so than the apathy and indifference which the public display on this most important question. While they clamour loudly and incessantly against the assessed taxes, they submit without a murmur to a system of banking, which has produced greater mischief in one year than all the assessed taxes that have been collected ever produced, partial and defective in many respects as these taxes undoubtedly are. It is difficult, however, to satisfy any one not conversant with the subject, which very few unfortunately are, that the system of banking is a matter in which they have any particular interest, or that the prosperity of a nation is in any degree dependent on it. And though there can be no doubt that it contributes very much to paralyse trade, and to render the taxes, of which they complain so loudly, grievous to be borne; still, as the tax takes money directly out of their pockets, while the other prevents ten times the amount, perhaps, from going into their pockets, they complain bitterly of the tax. Of course, their wisdom in doing so is pretty much on a par with that of the child, who wreaks his vengeance on the stone or stick which has been thrown at him, instead of the person who threw it."

Some of the writer's opinions on banking we cannot consider quite orthodox; but the subject requires an article of itself to do it justice. It may be interesting to readers to know what the American liberals think of the banking system. We find in an able paper, called *The Working Man's Advocate*, published at New York, the following:—

"THE RAG MONEY OR BANKING SYSTEM.

"The bank mania is beginning virulently to manifest itself in anticipation of the prostration of the bank of the United States. The legislature of Alabama have incorporated one with a capital of two millions; and in Tennessee another has been hatched with a capital of three millions. In Kentucky and Ohio, the governors have strongly recommended to the respective legislatures, the creation of banks with enormous capitals. In Pennsylvania, too, we observe that applications are making for several banks—New York and other states will no doubt follow suit. It requires no prophet to foretell, that when the bank of the United States shall be laid low, the country will be overrun with a flock of vultures in the shape of state banks.'—*Delaware Watchman*.

"We hope not. We trust that the determination of the people to put an end to the most powerful, and consequently the most oppressive and dangerous of the rag-money mills, is an indication of their determination to put an end to the whole system—to disband entirely the standing army of non-producers called bankers. But should it be otherwise—should a majority of the people prove to be still in ignorance of the tendency of the rag-money system to rob them of a great share of the fruits of their labour to support the aforesaid standing army, and determined still to foster that system, the sooner it is carried to perfection the better; for no moral man who does see its effect in a proper light will desire to put off the period of the general crash one hour.



No honest man, who possesses a proper knowledge on the subject, can be instrumental to transmit the least vestige of the rag-money system to his children, or refrain from doing all in his power to abolish it.

"Applications to our legislature for banking privileges are no evidence that the people desire them to grant such privileges. They only show that there are individuals in the community who wish to live without labour, or to increase their store of wealth without adding to the wealth of the community. But if the people generally possessed a full knowledge of this subject—if they saw clearly that bank privileges enabled bankers to take the produce of their labour without rendering the least equivalent, there would hardly be such a thing known as an application for a bank, because the applicants would be considered but one degree better than pickpockets.

"The pickpocket takes the produce of your labour without your knowledge, and does not pretend to give you an equivalent for it. The banker gets the produce of your labour by deceiving you into the belief that he renders you an equivalent, when in fact he does not. He, at best, gives you but the power of making up what you lose by him, by imposing upon somebody else.

"To make the truth of this last assertion plain, let us state a case.

"A (a merchant) exchanges notes, or 'promises to pay,' with B (a banker), and B makes A pay a certain sum for the exchange. A takes B's 'promises to pay,' and buys certain articles in which he deals to sell again; and when he sells the articles again, he adds to the price of them, besides what he considers a good profit, the sum that he paid B for exchanging 'promises to pay.'

"Thus it is clear that those who have purchased the merchant's articles have paid the sum which the banker charged for exchanging 'promises to pay' with the merchant.

"Now, what right had the legislature to give B, the banker, the privilege of being a burden to society by means of such strange and useless proceedings? If, as we believe, legislatures ought only to protect individuals in the possession of their property honestly acquired—that is, by useful labour—the legislature who went beyond this to privilege B to acquire property without useful labour, were either ignorant or dishonest, and ought, in either case, to be elected to stay at home until they should become enlightened or reformed."

The writer concludes his observations with some remarks on the third cause of distress—unequal taxation. These he soon disposes of. He says that "this subject having been taken up by the newspaper press, the most powerful instrument of modern times for the accomplishment of public good, may very safely be left in such good hands." We wish we could say, Amen. Powerful as the press is, we fear that its power is not sufficient to overturn quietly the monstrously unjust system of taxation which we at present labour under. There is sufficient good matter in this pamphlet to enable us honestly to recommend it to the attention of the public.

---

## MOLLY GRAY.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

MOLLY GRAY, of Toppingtown, was a very pretty lass, and a very proud one. She was the seventh daughter of Deacon Nehemiah Gray, a moderate farmer, who, to tax his ability to the utmost, could not give his daughters each a setting out exceeding two hundred dollars. Her six sisters had all married respectable farmers and mechanics, and were well to do in the world. But Molly, who was the beauty and pride of the family, resolved to look a little higher than her sisters. She would not take up with the humdrum fellers—the farmers and mechanics of Toppingtown—not she. She wondered that her sisters had no more respect for themselves than to marry such coares, unmanly critters. For her part, she meant to have a man that was somebody. Before she was fairly eighteen, she began to be wooed. Her beauty, the respectability of the Deacon, the Deacon's wife, and indeed the whole family, early procured her plenty of suitors. But they were not to Miss Molly's taste; and though she felt some little vanity in being wooed, even by farmers and mechanics, she was not to be thus won.

Her first lover was Joshua Ploughshare. He was a sober, industrious, moral young man, of twenty-three, well to live, and resolved on getting a wife. He was quite taken with Molly Gray, insomuch that he never passed her in the street or saw her at church, but his heart beat as though it would fly out of his jacket.

"She's an all-fired handsome gal, that," said he to himself, "and if I could only marry her, I should be the happiest feller in all Toppingtown."

Joshua was so smitten with the Deacon's pretty daughter, that he thought of little else day and night. He dreamed of her beauty when asleep, and mused upon her charms when awake. He laid out more money upon clothes than his habits of economy would otherwise have permitted, merely to render his person attractive in the eyes of Molly. Thus he endeavoured to make a favourable impression upon her heart, but on the subject of love it was a long time before he ventured to break the ice. He looked, and blushed, and sighed, but said not a word on the theme which he most wished to speak upon.

At length, however, his resolution was screwed to the sticking point, and one Sunday evening in the month of May beheld Joshua tying his bay filly to a hook at the corner of Deacon Gray's house. Molly was looking out of the window at the time—whether in expectation of a spark, or merely to enjoy the beauties of the spring, history saith not—but as soon as she saw Mr. Ploughshare ride up, she modestly withdrew behind the curtain.

As soon as Joshua had pulled down the legs of his unmentionables, which, soothe to say, had slipped very considerably for want of straps, he tapped at the door, but so timidly, that his heart beat nearly as loud as his hand.

"Walk in!" said the Deacon, in a loud voice, in order to drown the noise of the dog, who, like many other unmannerly curs, always received strangers with a bark.

Notwithstanding the Deacon spoke loud, Joshua did not hear him, and was obliged to knock again.

"Walk in!" replied the Deacon, louder than before; but just at that instant, in addition to the barking of the dog, the geese set up a most obstreperous cackling, and Joshua, nearly discouraged, was fain to knock a third time; when the Deacon, having kicked the dog under the table, opened the door and welcomed in the young man.

"The pesky dog and the geese," said he, "make such a racket, there's no hearing one's self speak. I hope you are well, Mr. Ploughshare? Set a chair, Molly, and take Mr. Ploughshare's hat—do. I hope your folks is all well, Mr. Ploughshare—that pesky dog, he's getting so saucy I must kill him."

"Oh, don't kill him, pa," said Molly, with a scornful look at her lover; "he never barks at genteel people."

"Genteel people—you rude chit, you!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray; "but don't you mind what she says, Mr. Ploughshare—she's a spoilt thing—though she is my child. But, la, she don't mean any thing by it."

"I don't know whether she means any thing by it, or not," said Joshua, after turning as many colours as the honest brown of his face would allow—"but one thing I know, if that dog was mine, he'd have a dreadful sore head afore he was twenty-four hours older. I wouldn't keep no animal to bark at my friends—not I."

The young man was very cordially received by the old folks, who, after chatting upon a variety of subjects—such as the last sermon, the last marriage, the last death, and all and singular of the news of the town—and after treating him to some fine pippins, which had been well kept through the winter, and also to some boiled cider, which the Deacon had tapped on purpose, retired to rest much earlier than usual, but pleading as an excuse, that to-morrow was Monday, and that it was necessary for them to retire earlier in order to rise betimes for the business of the week.

This was as kind and considerate on the part of the old folks as need be. But true love is always diffident: and Joshua's heart beat like a trip hammer before he could muster courage to speak.

"Hark!" said Molly, looking saucily at him—"don't you hear a partridge drumming?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Joshua, making a desperate effort, and all at once planting his chair close beside that of his charmer—"what a deuced fool I am to be such a coward! I believe, in my soul, love has taken away my wits."

"Your wits!" said the girl, snatching away the hand which he had ventured to take—"you never had any wits, or else you wouldn't have come here to night."

"Oh, don't be so scornful," said the young man; "you don't know how much I love you."

"No, nor I don't want to know," retorted the girl—"keep away your filthy hands!"

"Filthy!" exclaimed Joshua, resentfully—"there's where you're mistaken, Miss Molly. My hands are as clean as soap and water could make them—though perhaps they aint quite so white as ——."

"White!" interrupted the scornful lass—"why, they're as brown as an Ingen's, and as hard as a piece of horn. It must be a gentleman's hand that touches mine."

"Well, if that's your look out," returned the lover, rising and taking his hat, "you may have your gentleman's hand for all me. My hands are of a good honest colour, and if you are ashamed of them, I am not—and so good night to you, Molly Gray."

"Good night, and joy go with you," said the girl, as she closed the door and bolted it after him.

In short—not to make a long story—the scornful Miss Molly rejected sundry other respectable lovers of her own degree, while she was waiting for a high offer. But she waited in vain; the higher offer never came. At the age of twenty-five, beginning to fear that she might overstand her market, she humbled her pride so much as to resolve on accepting a farmer, if she could get one. But no farmer came to woo. Joshua Ploughshare had long since got married; and other young farmers had heard too much of the pride of the scornful Molly to think of troubling her with a similar suit.

At the age of twenty-six she concluded to accept of a blacksmith, a shoemaker, or any other respectable mechanic who might chance to court her. But Mr. Anvil, too, had long since married; and the young man whom she stigmatised by the name of Mr. Wax, had succeeded in softening the heart of a more susceptible lass. As to those of her rejected suitors who were still unmarried, they had no objection whatever to see her wait. Miss Molly, who refused so many of the most respectable farmers and mechanics, will be glad to take up with a tinker by and by.

Molly remained unmarried until the latter part of her 29th year, when, to escape the opprobrium of being an old maid, she resolved on marrying the first man who would offer. This happened to be a travelling tinker, who stopped to mend her mother's brass kettle, and with whom she succeeded in striking up a bargain. He was not only a tinker, but he was a very Turk in the article of matrimony—having as many wives as there were states in the Union. Poor Molly!



## THE WATER-DRINKER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

---

*"Trink, betrübter todtenblasser," &c.*

---

DRINK, thou pale-eyed moody skinker,  
Bacchus-hater, water-drinker—

Drink the ruby wine ;  
'Twill give thee many days, and jolly,  
And chase away pale melancholy  
From those cheeks of thine.

Not a longing but it filleth,  
Not a sorrow but it stilleth,  
Each and every one ;  
And the greatest of earth's sages  
Said the same in other ages—  
Even SOLOMON.

Say ! thou wiser than the wisest,  
Beams the water that thou prizest,  
Like the wine-cup's whirl ?  
Lo ! it twinkles, bright and glowing,  
Like the eye with tears o'erflowing,  
Of a laughing girl.

" See ! " the water-sot replieth,  
" Water in its brightness vieth  
" With the wine-tree's soul ;  
" And longer liveth, wiser thinketh,  
" The sober sage that never drinketh  
" Of thy boasted bowl."

Well, give *me* the wine-god's berry :  
They that are more wise than merry,  
Let them drink with thee.  
Water seasons not my dishes,  
'Tis a tipple for the fishes,  
Not a drink for me.

J. K. B.

"Filthy!" exclaimed Joshua, resentfully—"there's where you're mistaken, Miss Molly. My hands are as clean as soap and water could make them—though perhaps they aint quite so white as ——."

"White!" interrupted the scornful lass—"why, they're as brown as an Ingen's, and as hard as a piece of horn. It must be a gentleman's hand that touches mine."

"Well, if that's your look out," returned the lover, rising and taking his hat, "you may have your gentleman's hand for all me. My hands are of a good honest colour, and if you are ashamed of them, I am not—and so good night to you, Molly Gray."

"Good night, and joy go with you," said the girl, as she closed the door and bolted it after him.

In short—not to make a long story—the scornful Miss Molly rejected sundry other respectable lovers of her own degree, while she was waiting for a high offer. But she waited in vain; the higher offer never came. At the age of twenty-five, beginning to fear that she might overstand her market, she humbled her pride so much as to resolve on accepting a farmer, if she could get one. But no farmer came to woo. Joshua Ploughshare had long since got married; and other young farmers had heard too much of the pride of the scornful Molly to think of troubling her with a similar suit.

At the age of twenty-six she concluded to accept of a blacksmith, a shoemaker, or any other respectable mechanic who might chance to court her. But Mr. Anvil, too, had long since married; and the young man whom she stigmatised by the name of Mr. Wax, had succeeded in softening the heart of a more susceptible lass. As to those of her rejected suitors who were still unmarried, they had no objection whatever to see her wait. Miss Molly, who refused so many of the most respectable farmers and mechanics, will be glad to take up with a tinker by and by.

Molly remained unmarried until the latter part of her 29th year, when, to escape the opprobrium of being an old maid, she resolved on marrying the first man who would offer. This happened to be a travelling tinker, who stopped to mend her mother's brass kettle, and with whom she succeeded in striking up a bargain. He was not only a tinker, but he was a very Turk in the article of matrimony—having as many wives as there were states in the Union. Poor Molly!

THE WATER-DRINKER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

---

*"Trink, betrübler todtenblasser," &c.*

---

DRINK, thou pale-eyed moody skinker,  
Bacchus-hater, water-drinker—

Drink the ruby wine ;  
'Twill give thee many days, and jolly,  
And chase away pale melancholy  
From those cheeks of thine.

Not a longing but it filleth,  
Not a sorrow but it stilleth,  
Each and every one ;  
And the greatest of earth's sages  
Said the same in other ages—  
Even SOLOMON.

Say ! thou wiser than the wisest,  
Beams the water that thou prizest,  
Like the wine-cup's whirl ?  
Lo ! it twinkles, bright and glowing,  
Like the eye with tears o'erflowing,  
Of a laughing girl.

" See ! " the water-sot replieth,  
" Water in its brightness vieth  
" With the wine-tree's soul ;  
" And longer liveth, wiser thinketh,  
" The sober sage that never drinketh  
" Of thy boasted bowl."

Well, give *me* the wine-god's berry :  
They that are more wise than merry,  
Let them drink with thee.  
Water seasons not my dishes,  
'Tis a tipple for the fishes,  
Not a drink for me.

J. K. B.

## A DEATH AND FUNERAL IN THE COUNTRY.

---

"The bird is dead  
That we have made so much on."

---

SHAKSPEARE.

ABOUT five years ago, after I had taken my bachelor's degree at Oxford, I went with my eldest sister to pay a visit to my uncle—a single gentleman, who resides upon and cultivates his own estate, in the North of England. I hoped, in the quiet seclusion of his farmhouse, to study uninterruptedly my Hebrew Bible and my Kennicott, my Greek Testament, Paley, Butler, and the rest of my theological library, prior to my examination by the diocesan's chaplain, and to my taking orders in the Established Church. Like all eager students, I planned how much I would bind myself to read in a day, how much exercise I would take, and how much I would sleep. I vowed my uncle should persuade me to drink no wine, and determined to lead a very abstemious life. I fancied theology and I should be constantly together, as my sister Louisa, I expected, would take great pleasure in riding with my uncle over his extensive farm. Few men, however, are able to form schemes which are destined wholly to succeed. My studious theological visions at my uncle's could not be said to be realised. For the first three days after my arrival at the Fairy Knowe Farm (such was the name my uncle gave his estate), Parkhurst's Lexicon and the Greek Gospel were seldom out of my hands; and my sister and uncle rode out together apparently with mutual zest. But Louisa and the old gentleman were clearly not made for each other. When they had ridden side by side three or four times, the uncle's stock of amusement for his niece was quite exhausted. He told her, as they went over the farm, the names of all his horses; he showed her his lambs, his stacks, his oxen and his cows, his barley, turnips, wheat, pointers, greyhounds, his geese, turkeys, and chickens. He told her the number of partridges he had killed the last season, pointed to his fine preserve for pheasants, and referred several times to Clater on Farriery, and Tull's Husbandry. Louisa grew tired of all this; she loved the country, but she loved the poetry of nature. She had been at an excellent boarding-school; she could speak Italian and French; and she was very deep read in Sir WALTER SCOTT, Lord BYRON, Mrs. HEMANS, L. E. L., and Lady MORGAN. She possessed, moreover, a little wit, and some satire. When, therefore, my uncle's agricultural discourse became wearisome, she began to tease him about his never having married; she hinted, too, that though he was the best of uncles, he had not the tact of pleasing the ladies. All her raillery and the rides ended by my uncle saying to his niece, "Ah, ah! my girl, I'm not the man for you; Harry must leave his books, and ramble in the fields with you, and talk poetry."

Accordingly, on the fourth sunny morning of my visit at the farm, and just as I was chopping at the root of a Greek noun, Louisa came bouncing into the little back parlour I had converted into my study, and putting her slender white arm round my neck, she insisted upon



my instantly taking a walk with her. In vain I pleaded the necessity of attending to my studies—in vain I advised her to go to her colour-box and her pencils, and paint roses and heart's-ease—in vain I told her she would spoil her beauty by gadding so much in the sun and getting tanned. To all this she replied, she would teach me divinity by looking at the blue skies, and by plucking water-lilies; it was indispensable, she said, that she should observe nature before she could paint well; and as to her beauty, the little witch was insincere enough to tell her brother she did not care for it. Knowing my great affection for her, and knowing she might say or do any thing without offending me, she made me a promise that she would lock up all my books, both Hebrew and Greek, and that peace and rest I should have none, if I did not leave my arm-chair and my moping, and accompany her from one field to another, from valley to wood, and from wood to mountain. What hero, or what sage, would not have been subdued by threats like these? Who can resist sisterly importunities when aided by taps on the cheek from sisterly fingers, and by the suasive power of a sisterly kiss? I own I was compelled to yield; and it was agreed I should be Louisa's escort, whenever an escort was needed.

My uncle's residence is a neat and respectable white-washed house, with four bow-windows in front; a large pear-tree, well nailed and very productive, covering the east end; and three tall poplars, growing like huge sentinels, before it. The thrashing machine, granary, stables, and stack-yard, occupying a considerable space of ground, are, as usual, all behind. In front there is a small lawn, half grass and half flower-beds, girt with a shallow ha-ha,\* and one of those twisted and fantastic green-painted seats stands in the centre. In this enclosure stalks a pair of peacocks, the favourites of my uncle; and the singular cry of the pee-wit is also not unheard within its lovely precincts.

One beautiful day, after dinner, Louisa and I sat upon the green seat I have mentioned, amusing ourselves at one moment with the pride of the peacocks, at another with chit-chat, and at another with a few stanzas from Mrs. TIGHE's poem *Psyche*, which Louisa, in a very feeling and emphatic manner, read aloud. In this mode we spent some time, till the setting sun, and our motionless state, made us rather chilly. Before entering the house to take tea, I proposed a walk as far as the row of four cottages, inhabited by the peasants employed on my uncle's farm. The way thither lies through a green lane, not more than half-a-mile in length, and which, for rural beauty and repose, I have never seen surpassed. In going along this sweetly-sequestered path, and when we had arrived in sight of the labourers' cottages, we met a young female, apparently about three or four-and-twenty years of age, cleanly and decently clad. So striking was her appearance, that I am persuaded Louisa's eyes and my own scanned her more searchingly and intently than good breeding might, perhaps, deem proper. She was taller, by the head, than most females; and she was as slender and attenuated as she was tall. No marble could be paler than her cheek; her eyes were deeply sunken in her head; and her lips approached very nearly to the hue

\* An invisible fence, used in pleasure-grounds.

of her hollow cheek. Her left hand, fully extended, pressed her bosom; she stooped much, and her feeble and slow step betokened extreme bodily sickness and debility. The look she gave us as we passed, full of suffering and sorrow as it was, went like ice to the heart of both my sister and myself.

"That poor girl is very ill," I said to Louisa; "who can she be?" Louisa could not answer my question; but the feeling tone in which she spoke convinced me how much she pitied the object of my inquiry. That night our thoughts were chiefly engaged with the melancholy sight we had witnessed in the green lane.

On making inquiries of my uncle respecting this young and unhappy female, we learnt that she was the daughter of his oldest farm-servant, John Harting, and that she resided with her father in one of the cottages already mentioned. She had been afflicted, my uncle informed us, more than a year with an internal disease, which originated in the unskilful treatment of a cold, by a country quack, fonder of greyhound coursing and tipping at the Cross Keys, than of studying surgery. Her father was a widower, and she kept his house. He had another daughter, who was married to a carpenter, and lived at the village of Kinslee, which is little more than a mile from my uncle's abode. The girl we had seen, whose name was Mary, had led, it would appear, an unhappy life with her father after her mother's death. His temper was crooked, querulous, and unkind; and, what was worse than all, his avarice was unbounded. My uncle, however, considered him a regular and industrious servant. Mary, soon after her mother's death, disliking her father's treatment and wretchedly parsimonious habits, left him, and went into service; but her frame being too delicate to sustain much exertion, she was obliged to leave her situation, and she then was permitted to reside with her sister at Kinslee, where she supported herself as a sempstress. From her father, although he had a considerable sum in a neighbouring savings' bank, she received no aid whatever. During Mary's absence from his hearth, his mode of living was most extraordinary—his meals he cooked himself, his linen he washed himself, and, in fact, every domestic task which usually falls to the lot of woman to perform, this strange old man resolved to do with his own hands, rather than spend a single farthing in wages for feminine assistance. His married daughter disagreed with him as much as his maiden one; for she had entered into matrimony without his consent, and that piece of disobedience he never forgave. Thus John Harting lived in bitter enmity with the only two children he had in the world.

When Mary, however, was seized with the disorder which was fated to bring her to the grave, and was no longer able to gain a livelihood by her needle, the poorhouse was before her eyes, if she did not return to her father; as her sister, burdened with a numerous family, possessed not the means of supporting one who could not work; and as the husband of that sister, a coarse dissipated man, had threatened, in a fit of intoxication, to turn her to the door. My uncle, hearing of her wretched situation, remonstrated much with her father, and insisted upon his taking her into his cottage. To his cottage, therefore, she came. The old man's parental feelings seemed to quench, in some degree, his thirst for lucre, when he beheld his youngest-born helpless, weak, and

wasting. But, poor creature ! every bottle, box, or powder that came from the apothecary at the nearest market-town, she could plainly perceive was a source of pain and disquiet to her niggard father, as he constantly exclaimed, " his money at the bank would soon be gone ; " " what a thing it was to have children ; " " he would die a beggar," and so forth. My uncle said he often sent his housekeeper with wine and delicate food for Mary ; for he was sure her father would not anxiously consult the feeble appetite of a sick woman.

Having obtained this information relative to the unfortunate girl we had passed in the lane, Louisa obtained my uncle's permission to pay her a visit. She went, accordingly, the day after we saw her, with the housekeeper to John Harting's cottage, and presented Mary with a little money, to purchase any article of which her father's penury caused her to stand in need. The account which my sister, on her return, gave me of Mary, was gratifying in the extreme. She described her deportment as modest and agreeable, her patience and resignation most affecting ; and her only wish appeared to be, that she might soon be released from her weight of woe, and her father from the expense and anxiety of which he so heavily complained. She had heard that I was a clergyman, and she begged that Louisa would request me to go and pray with her, as she conceived her recovery hopeless. Louisa told her I had not yet taken orders ; but she had no doubt I would be willing to afford her all the spiritual consolation which lay in my power. Louisa was not mistaken on this score ; and I consented, when the poor girl's desire was made known to me, to do all I could to smooth what I had every reason to believe was her last pillow.

Soon after my sister had had this interview with Mary, I went to see her myself. It was about two in the afternoon when I reached the cottage, and, rapping softly at the door, it was opened by the very individual who had brought me thither. On perceiving me, she made a low curtsy, and invited me to walk in and to take a seat, in a tone of voice which scarcely exceeded a whisper.

" You know who I am, I see, Mary," said I.

" Yes, Sir," she replied, in the same low tone ; and we sat down near the fire. The room was small, and the furniture plain, clean, and neat. The floor was of glossy red bricks. An old-fashioned clock stood in one corner of the apartment, a large four-pole bed in another, with green curtains and a pretty patch-work counterpane ; and on that side of the room, opposite the fire, was a yellow rack, in which were arranged four rows of blue and white plates and dishes. Betwixt the clock and the bed was a well-brightened chest of mahogany drawers. From the ceiling hung two flitches of bacon ; and beneath the only window the room possessed was a white fir table, which seemed to be in daily use. These, not forgetting a large arm-chair in the chimney-corner, and a few small chairs in other quarters of the apartment, were the objects which struck me on my entrance, and the first few moments after taking my seat. I perceived access to the upper part of the house was obtained by means of a ladder, and a hole in the ceiling. As I knew the cottage had but one window, the room or loft above, I suspected, could only be used for the purpose of sleeping. Mary was alone.

"You are able to walk and to cook?" I said in a light tone, as I saw something boiling in a saucepan on the fire.

"My father," she made answer, "goes to his work at six in the morning, and does not come back till nightfall; and if I did not leave my bed, and dress the little that I eat, what would become of me, Sir? But I cannot do even this long, for I find I grow weaker and weaker every day." She gave a deep sigh, and then began to cough in a way which seemed to rend her from head to foot, and which made my heart bleed to look upon her.

"I am afraid speaking gives you pain, Mary," I observed, when the paroxysm had ceased, and as she wiped away the perspiration which stood in large drops upon her forehead.

"I don't think speaking causes the cough, Sir," said she weakly; "for, in the night, it often comes upon me, and tears me to death."

"What medical assistance have you?" I inquired.

"Mr. Whitmore, of —, attended me once; but he said he could do nothing for me without seeing me three times a-week. My father, however, told him he could not afford to pay for his visits from — to our house; and, therefore, I am now taking pills old Sally Marsham made, and recommended to me, which completely cured her when she was afflicted as I am, twenty years since."

"For whom does your father save his money?" I asked in wonder; "who has he to take care of him when you are gone? That foolish old woman's trash will make you worse, to a certainty."

"Ah! Sir, I believe I am now beyond the power of medicine; and as to my father, I hav'n't strength to fight with him. He won't, however, be troubled with me much longer." Mary burst into tears, and, amid her faint sobbing, she told me to pray for her. We knelt down, and joined in prayer for some time. After this act of devotion, she seemed more serene and tranquil; and, on taking my leave, I promised I would call upon her the day after the next.

On the arrival of that day, I did not forget her. I found her, as before, sitting by the fire alone; but I found her wofully altered in person for the worse. She had passed two sleepless nights since I had seen her, and was scarcely able to sit upright in her chair, she was so weak and exhausted. Her face betrayed extreme languor, and I fancied she was thinner even than before, although she was then as gaunt and emaciated as the human frame could be imagined consistent with life. Her eyes were like glass, and the sleeve of her gown happening to be turned upwards a little, I could count with ease every sinew of her arm. Poor girl! she had once been gay and beautiful. I do not remember ever to have seen a fairer female in my life. Her skin had as pure a whiteness as the pearl, and the blue of her veins might rival the sapphire. Her hair was hidden entirely by a close-drawn cap, which was tied tightly with broad strings beneath her chin. A large white shawl was thrown over her shoulders, and her gown was a dark green cotton, with small buff sprigs scattered over it. These minutiae of her dress are deeply impressed upon my memory; for this was the third time I had seen her. That white shawl, and those glassy eyes, I shall ever remember.

"I see you are worse, Mary," I said, as I sat down beside her, "than



when I called before; but I hope, as my uncle has determined upon sending his own physician to you to-morrow, you will soon be well and lively."

"You are too good, Sir," she replied. "Believe me, however, I shall need no more physicians, no more medicine, for I know, Sir, I am dying."

"I have no fears on that head, Mary, if we can procure a skilful doctor to attend you. It is clear you have lately had nobody near you save quacks and old women, and it is their poison that has made you what you are at this moment." I uttered these words lightly and with a smile, in order to cheer and revive her, although, God knows, I dreaded, at the same instant, that the shadow of the grave was upon her.

"I spoke," said she, after a short pause, "to my father this morning, before he went to his work, respecting my funeral."

"Don't let your mind be harassed with these gloomy thoughts," I remarked, hastily interrupting her; "you have no idea how much they will injure one so weak as you."

"Yes! I mentioned my funeral to my father this morning, Sir," continued Mary, without noticing my interruption; "and I begged and prayed he would spend a little for the sake of laying me in my grave decently and respectably." She could proceed no further, but wept bitterly for several minutes. The singular and melancholy topic of which she seemed so tenacious, struck me at once with sorrow and astonishment; and a deep silence took place until she resumed the subject.

"I thank heaven, Sir, that all my pains are drawing to an end. My father has so often told me what a burthen I was to him, how much I cost him, and the anxiety I caused him, that I have, over and over again, in the night and in the day, prayed for the Lord to take me. But I fear my father, when I *do* leave him, will lead but a lonely and comfortless life. He'll have no one to speak a word to him when he comes home weary of a night, no one to make his tea, no one to give him help should he happen to fall ill."

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," I said to her: "why should you, weak and nervous as you are, fret and tease yourself with the arrangements of your funeral, even supposing that you should not recover?"

"Why, Sir, it is a satisfaction for me to know, while living, that my father will not commit his daughter *meanly* to the dust when she is dead. I made him promise—and a promise given to a dying child cannot be broken—that he would hire both a hearse and a mourning coach, and invite all those to follow me to the grave, whom I wished should do so."

"And whom do you wish him to invite?" I inquired, humouring the gloomy vein the invalid pursued.

"The mourning coach will carry six. My father, Ralph Matthews and Robert Fandale, two of his fellow-labourers on the farm, my brother-in-law, and a young man that I have known from my infancy—(here Mary's sad and pallid face was tinged with a slight blush)—will be five; and if it is not taking too great a liberty," she concluded in a

gentle and imploring tone, "may I ask you, Sir, who have been so kind and attentive to me, to join the rest in bearing me to my last home?" This unexpected appeal to myself, by the dying girl, quite unnerved me; and while my grief rendered me almost incapable of utterance, I took her hand, and feebly told her, I was willing to do my best to compose her spirits, and increase her happiness.

Before I left her, I read several portions of Scripture from a small Bible which I carried in my pocket; and I intimated that I should bring, in the course of a day or two, my friend, the Rev. Mr. Kinnersley, from the neighbouring town of —, who would, I assured her, take great pleasure in administering to her the sacrament. I bade her farewell in tears and in sorrow, for I had a strange presentiment that Mary Harting and I should not meet again "in the earth below."

On my way to my uncle's abode, I could not avoid musing on the unhappy fate of the young creature I had just left. An instance of the avarice of a father subduing, in great measure, the affection for his child, had never before to me been so vividly displayed. I doubted not in the least, that had John Harting employed a small portion of the sum, which it was notorious he possessed, in obtaining good medical advice, and proper and suitable comforts for Mary, she would have speedily recovered, and would have lived to bless his declining age. But, driven as she was, at the commencement of her illness, from the house of her unfeeling brother-in-law to that of her still less feeling and grasping father, no wonder that she sank beneath the twofold weight of pain and unkindness. It might have been very reasonably supposed that John Harting, bereft of his wife, one daughter married, and the other single and at home with him, would have shown fondness in excess, and would have lavished, if needful, all he had on the sole remaining stay of his latter days. The passion, however, for accumulation seemed so intense within him, that it may be justly said, like Aaron's rod, to have swallowed all the rest.

As I sat at breakfast the next morning, describing to my uncle and Louisa the melancholy interview with Mary Harting on the day preceding, the servant entered to inform me that Mary's sister was waiting without, and was desirous to speak with me. My heart fluttered fearfully when I heard this, for I instantly suspected some awful change had taken place. I ordered the servant to conduct her into the room; and presently my worst fears were realised by the appearance of a tall and respectably-dressed female, apparently about thirty years of age, whose face, strongly resembling as it did that of the unfortunate girl of whom I had been conversing, was red and swollen with weeping. Prepared for what was to follow, I bade her sit down. Louisa went to the window, not to look through it, but to hide her grief; and my uncle, with his elbow on the arm of his chair, rested on his hand, and was silent.

"I am Mary Harting's sister, Sir," said the young woman, the tears streaming down her cheeks; "and as you have been so good to her, I considered it was proper for me to come this morning and tell you, Sir, that we lost her last night. She said she was thankful for what you and Miss Louisa had done for her, half an hour before she died. God help my poor father!" she continued, in a tone of the greatest

agony ; " for there is nobody, now Mary's gone, to take thought or care of him."

" Had she much pain before she died ? " I inquired.

" Her pain was dreadful, Sir. Her continued cry all night was that her heart was going to burst. It throbbed and beat against her side in a way that terrified us all. Oh, heaven ! what my sister did suffer ! "

After this, a paroxysm of grief ensued which it would be both difficult and painful to describe. Description, however, is needless ; for who cannot conceive, or who that has seen can forget, the keen overwhelming anguish of one affectionate sister at the death of another, youthful and loving ? I endeavoured to soothe the mourner as far as my ability allowed ; and I told her, when the day was appointed for Mary's funeral I would keep the promise which I had made of following her remains to the grave. Considering that, having spent a sleepless and watchful night, and having wept so long and bitterly, she would be in a weak and exhausted state, I procured her a glass of wine ; and she left me, I thought, somewhat more composed, and seemingly thankful in the extreme for the solicitude I had shown both towards her departed sister, and towards herself.

It is customary in the country, among the poorer classes, in certain parts of the North of England, for two men in black, and each wearing a scarf and hatband, to call upon the friends of the deceased, the day before the funeral, and request the favour of their company at that solemn ceremony, and at tea when it is over. This is technically called " bidding to the burial." Accordingly, on the third day after Mary Harting's death, as I loitered on the lawn in front of my uncle's dwelling, I was accosted by two young men, with scarves and hatbands tied with white ribbon, who presented Mr. John Harting's respects, and named his wish that I should attend his daughter's funeral, at four o'clock of the following afternoon—more especially, they added, as she had told him before her death, that I had agreed to be present at her burial. I cordially accepted the invitation, and the young men, politely bowing, pursued their way.

I felt as most other persons, I dare say, have done—that forming part of a funeral procession was a task both melancholy and afflicting to perform. I felt this the more, because the unfortunate young female at whose obsequies I was called upon to assist had, though I had seen her but little, won my pity and esteem. It was, therefore, with a sad heart that, about half-past three of the afternoon chosen for Mary Harting's funeral, I drew towards her father's cottage, where lay the cold remains of her whose lot below had been so unblessed and painful. As I walked along the pleasant green lane in which Louisa and myself first saw the departed, I could not amid my gloom avoid persuading myself, that Mary's spirit was much happier and more calm than when we met her worn and feeble ; for I doubted not she had gone on the wings of joy to that holy region, where, we are told by those who cannot err, " the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." The delicate and the beautiful, I thought, could never bear neglect or unkindness. Tender flowers might bloom and flourish in the smiles of spring or summer ; but the rude rush of a winter wind, and the chill aspect of a winter frown, consumed their fragrance and destroyed their

hue. Sickness and unfeeling treatment, uniting their deadly force, would have subdued a stronger frame and a hardier spirit than fell to the share of the peasant girl.

When I entered the cottage, I could not control my tears. I was met at the threshold by Mary's sister, who, deeply affected and weeping bitterly as she was, gave me a chair near the bed, on which was placed the coffin, pall, and other symbols of death. As soon as my first flood of grief was past, and I was able to look around me, I perceived that Mary's father was seated at the head of the bed with his hands on one of the poles; and next to him, near the middle of it, sat a young man, in appearance a rustic, whose countenance, however, I could not wholly see, on account of the handkerchief which he held to his eyes. I sat at the bottom of the bed; and thus we three were the closest to, and seemed the guardians as it were of, the youthful corpse. The green moreen curtains, which on my former visits adorned the bed, were now taken away, and a white sheet was thrown over the top, while napkins, pinned fully round the poles, were hooped, at short intervals, with broad black ribbon. The mattress was covered with a sheet, and on that rested the oaken coffin. The pall was huddled on the lid so as not to fall over on either side; and about a foot and a half of the lid was laid open by means of hinges, in order to afford all an opportunity of taking a farewell look of the pale face of the poor girl before she was borne to the grave. In the middle of the apartment was a large table, on which stood a couple of lighted mould candles, a plate filled with tobacco, a number of pipes, a quarter of a Cheshire cheese, a loaf, two bottles of spirits or wine, and several glasses and knives and plates. Perhaps sixteen or twenty persons of both sexes were crowded in different parts of the not very spacious room. Six elderly females, I well remember, sat on one side, all neatly arrayed in black bombazine gowns and white aprons. They were merely friends, not relatives, I conjectured, of the deceased; but they appeared to feel her loss much. They would gaze simultaneously, I noticed, at Mary's father, then at the young man close by him, then at the coffin—shake their heads, draw a deep sigh, and each would finally put her handkerchief to her face, and weep for some time. A man sat on each side of the fire smoking his pipe. One was about five-and-thirty, with a dark sullen countenance, whom I afterwards discovered to be Mary's brother-in-law, that had treated her so ill and unfeelingly. His right foot rested on the fender, and his elbow being supported on his elevated knee, he held his pipe in his hand thus raised, the upper part of his body leaning forward from the back of his chair. A tear stole occasionally down his cheek, which, when wiped away, was followed by a cloud. The other was an old man with a brown wig, possessed of a remarkably round, ruddy, and hale face; and he sat as uprightly and stiffly in his chair, as his opposite neighbour reclined. Neither mirth nor sorrow was perceptible in him. His countenance exhibited a calm, unchanging stolidity, which led me to suppose the fumes of the weed subdued all sense of the grief that was existing around him. There were other men sitting in a row on that side of the room which was opposite to the six females I have before mentioned; but their respectful silence and appropriate gravity of demeanour only attracted my notice. Perfect



stillness prevailed in the apartment, with the exception of an occasional long-drawn sigh, the convulsive sobs of the young man that sat between John Harting and myself, and the low whisper of Mary's sister, who stood near the door, alternately weeping and giving directions to a middle-aged woman whose attendance and services appeared to have been especially obtained for this heart-rending and melancholy occasion.

Such was the state of affairs in John Harting's cottage, when the arrival of the hearse and mourning coach at the door caused a slight commotion. The drivers of the two vehicles were called in and invited to partake of the bread, cheese, and spirits which were set forth on the table. This they very willingly did; and the voracity with which these men, vigorous and in good health as they were, ate and drank of the refreshments before them, formed a sad and striking contrast to the death and the sorrow which they heeded so little.

The drivers had scarcely finished their repast before the workmen entered, whose business it was to screw up the coffin. The appearance of these persons was like that of the executioner to the condemned criminal. The moaners now knew they must take their dread farewell, their last look of her who had been fated to precede them to the tomb. The men stood with their tools in their hands in readiness to execute their doleful task. John Harting, I saw, shook dreadfully; the natural feelings of a father, which had been too long stifled, were struggling fearfully within him. The first who advanced to the bed, after laying aside his pipe, was Mary's brother-in-law: he kissed the pallid face of his wife's sister several times, hung and wept over the coffin for some minutes, and then resumed his seat at the fire. The rest of Mary's friends, male and female, repeated the same ceremony, until all had "taken leave," as it is termed in the North, except her sister, her father, the young man who sat near me, and myself. Her sister whispered to me that I should now look at Mary for the last time; and accordingly I went to the head of the coffin, and gaze I did most intently on the breathless beauty and graceful lineaments which met me there. Mary's dark brown hair was neatly parted on her marble forehead; she seemed as if she was hushed in a tranquil and soothing slumber; and the pure whiteness of her large bordered cap, uniting with the hues of newly-gathered roses, lavender, auriculas, and violets, which were beautifully arranged round her head, lent a loveliness even to death. I pressed my lips to hers, and a tear, I remember, fell as I rose, on a flower that lay in its bloom and fragrance near her cheek. The young man I have so often mentioned next approached the corpse; but was prevented from doing more by Mary's sister, who signified to him he must be the last. This fastidiousness with respect to arrangement surprised me not a little, more especially when I considered how, amidst that grief which appeared to be both deep and sincere, she could have the recollection to be so ceremonious. Her wish, however, to do all the honour in her power to the memory of her relative, and an attachment to some form with which I was unacquainted, were the cause, I fancied, of the anxiety she exhibited as regarded the order to be observed at this painful moment. She went to the coffin herself, moaned heavily and long, kissed her sister's remains again and again; and her father, when she left the bed, took her place. I saw the old

man clasp his hands and look upwards with the most excruciating anguish; but I saw no more, for I turned my back towards the heart-rending scene. The father having bestowed his last kiss, went apparently more composed to the door of the cottage; and the young man then proceeded to give *his* final and sorrowful adieu. Oh, heaven! I thought they never would have torn him from the bed-side. His agony was unutterable. His groans made me tremble. I asked a person near me who he was, and received in answer that he was Mary's lover—was a servant to a farmer a few miles distant—had courted her long and anxiously, but his own poverty, and John Harting's wretched parsimony and perverse temper, had prevented their marriage before her illness. "And you must know, Sir," added my informant, "that it is usual for the lover to take leave the last." This piece of intelligence fully convinced me that the arrangement adopted by poor Mary's sister was not without a meaning.

All relatives and friends having given the farewell kiss, the face of Mary Harting was closed for ever from the light of day. Her lover, I thought, was more tranquil; and her father, while they bore her from the bed to the hearse, continued to stand near the cottage-door. As the coffin passed him, I perceived his whole frame shook. He was, at this moment, the object of general observation. The sedate and aged females looked at him wistfully, and pronounced such phrases as the following, in a low and sympathising tone:—"Poor old man!" "He'll sorely feel the loss of her!" "This is the blackest day since the death of his wife!" When the corpse was secured in the hearse, six mourners, among whom was myself, after each was enveloped in a black cloak and provided with a hatband, mounted the coach, and the melancholy procession moved on, amid the wailings of Mary's sister, and of the others whom we left behind.

Mary Harting's mother was interred at the village of Nundley, about three miles from her father's cottage; and it had been arranged that Mary should be buried at the same place, by the side of her departed parent. Our way lay through lonely and unfrequented lanes; and from the fact of the district being very thinly populated, I suspected that funeral processions rarely formed a part of the landscape through which we passed. The evening was as lovely as summer and sunshine could make it. The only sounds we heard were the rattle of our own carriage, and the carols of the birds in the hedges on each side of us, all fluttering and full of joy, even though the dark plumes that adorned death threw their shade upon the spray. The face of nature was as green, and beautiful, and refreshing, as if we were hastening to the altar on the day of marriage, instead of attending the victim of disease to the dust. Sometimes, indeed, a row of large trees by the way-side, as we rode beneath their over-arching branches, created, for a while, a solemnity and gloom which harmonised more with the awful ceremony in which we were engaged, than the liveliness of sunny and flowery meads.

Those in the coach, besides myself, were John Harting, his son-in-law, Mary's lover, the old gentleman with the brown wig whom I have described as smoking in the cottage near the fire, and another, who, I presumed, was, like him in the wig of brown, a labourer with John

Harting on my uncle's farm. I was glad to perceive that those whom Mary had mentioned to me as her followers to the grave had all been invited; and that her father, by the liberality displayed at her funeral, had endeavoured, in some degree, to atone for his former covetousness. John Harting, the lover, and I sat on one side of the coach, and preserved a strict and decorous silence.

We presently arrived at the gate of the churchyard; and the corpse being taken from the hearse by men in waiting, was borne into the church. The edifice is low, simple, and Saxon; and I expected, when I entered it, the same feelings of reverence and awe with which I was accustomed to hear the burial-service in the days of my boyhood—and which the minister of the place where my boyhood was spent knew so well how to inspire—would once more reign in my bosom. Alas! that expectation was bitterly disappointed. The interest I had taken in the girl whose remains were near me, and the solemn twilight of the church, might both have fitted my spirit for devotion; but the young spark, fresh, I was certain, from the gaieties of Oxford or Cambridge, who stepped into the pulpit, so gabbled and marred the beautiful words of exhortation and prayer, that my feeling was mingled sorrow, indignation, and contempt, instead of that meekness and humility which should ever attend us in the house of God. The curate, as I guessed he was, seemed to conceive he had an irksome task to perform; he seemed as if he had been taken from his wine at the table of some village crony, by the dead relative of poor and humble peasants, and the sooner he got rid of her and them, and returned to his carousal, the better. These were assuredly his thoughts, or he never could have “torn to tatters” the beautiful and pathetic prayers in the way he did. The clerk, an aged and venerable man, somewhat redeemed the character of the service; and the tremulous, deep, and solemn voice with which he sang the appropriate psalm, restored my mind to that state which is fitted for the side of the grave.

The body was removed from the church to its place of rest—the remainder of his duty the young clergyman soon dispatched—the grave was filled—the fees paid for what, so far as regards the parson, had been done so ill, and we returned to the coach. We drove to the cottage much more speedily than *from* it. On our arrival at the cottage, to my utter astonishment I beheld the tea equipage in order, cakes of every description upon the table, and all the paraphernalia peculiar to the meal which follows dinner in full request. This feasting and junketing after a funeral I could not bear; and, at the risk of giving offence and appearing proud, I offered a few words of consolation to the father of her we had just buried, promised to call upon her sister, shook hands with them and the rest of the party, and went immediately home, when I detailed to my uncle and Louisa, before bed-time, the funeral of Mary Harting, in as circumstantial a manner as I have already done to the reader.

One beautiful day, about a week after the burial, Louisa and I walked as far as Nundley churchyard, purely for the sake of looking at the grave of Mary Harting. It was not quite so green as those around it, nor had the daisies begun to peep from the turf. The churchyard, however, fostered our melancholy. Its awful stillness, broken

only by the rooks or the groaning of the large old trees as the wind blew through them, subdued and tranquillised our hearts. We stood near Mary's grave for several minutes; we then walked round the churchyard, reading, as we went, the epitaphs on the tombs, until we reached it again. We seemed loath to leave it, although we could assign no reason for our wish to stay. Louisa threw some violets upon it which she had gathered in the course of our walk; and as this piece of romance I knew gratified her, I was not the brother to make a joke of a conceit which proceeded from a head prone to poetry, and a heart prone to benevolence. We agreed to subscribe for the purchase of a tombstone, so that when we visited our uncle in after-years, we might ramble to Nundley churchyard, and be able to distinguish the grave of her whose mournful fate was the cause of my writing, "A Death and Funeral in the Country."

W. L. H.

#### EXHIBITION OF SCULPTURES BY C. ROSSI, R.A.

AMONG the exhibitions that are recently opened to the public, our readers—more especially such of them as may be amateurs in the sculptor's art—will find considerable gratification in visiting that of the academician Rossi, in Grove Place, Lisson Grove. It consists principally of seven groups and statues in Carrara marble and in bronze; but contains also various other works in plaster and in terra-cotta, which are *not less* excellent in their designs.

We regret to learn that a paralytic affection disables this artist for the present from his professional pursuits; while of course we cannot but approve of his filling up that interval of disability, which his friends hope will not prove lasting, by the present display—gratifying to the lovers of art in its superior branches, and leading, as those friends trust, to the patronage and adequate remuneration of his meritorious and elaborate productions.

In the printed address which prefaces his descriptive Catalogue, Mr. Rossi states, that these works have occupied almost the whole of his thoughts and professional exertions for several years past, in preference to a more lucrative, or a less uncertain, pursuit; alluding, as we suppose, to such works as the casting of caryatides, and other ornaments, such as profusely decorate the new church of St. Pancras, in artificial stone. This is well put: and discreditable would it be to the public taste and morals, if Mr. Rossi should lose, for want of equitable recompense, by that dedication of himself to superior art, through means of which that public has been so decidedly a gainer. Yet we have not to learn, that, say what men will of the reach of modern scientific knowledge, it unfortunately cannot be lastingly denied that we live in an age so mercenary that children have been worked 14 or 16 hours per diem; and when (in the emphatic language of the Scriptural *Preacher*) "riches, alas! are not always to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill."



We observe that in these exhibited sculptures the artist has not entirely restricted himself to works of monumental character ; but has sometimes drawn moral sentiment, kind emotion, and didactic inference, from familiar life—occasionally putting aside the *sublime* and the *beautiful*, which are the proper elements of the sculptor's art, for the *pittoresque*. Of this temporary adoption, we see instances in his statue of *Thomson the Poet*, which is numbered in the Catalogue 3 ; and in his admirable pair of small terra-cottas, which stand in the garden, and are not numbered or mentioned there at all—an omission for which we can perceive no reason, unless it be that this admirable pair of models may be supposed to speak for themselves.

The upper part of the figure of the poet of the "Seasons" is taken from a portrait of him still extant, which was painted by HOGARTH, and represents him as he sometimes chose to appear among his familiar friends, in his night-gown and slippers ; as if walking toward them with "how d'ye do" negligence : consequently, the face is THOMSON'S OWN. The hands and drapery are drawn and chiselled with Mr. Rossi's usual ability, and the whole figure forms a sort of biographical statue of simple pretensions—or, perhaps, rather too entirely unpretending—a point upon which there is room for critics to differ.

Of course this every-day garb, and ordinary attitude, will not much gratify the taste of him whom the Scotch newspapers have proclaimed as the prince of critical dissertators on art, and most lively and striking writer *of the day* : of him who called for the rapt soul to sit in the eyes of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and wished him to appear in his portrait

"Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting:"

And, truth to say, it is rather too entirely unidealised to be quite to our own taste. It appears too much like any common *Mister THOMSON*, the contented fundholder, or upholder, or any-thing-else holder. But his biographer says, "The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the *deep silence of night* the time he commonly chose for such studies." The statue is therefore open to this latter interpretation ; and if the spectator should so please to interpret, commemorates this customary habit.

The *Miser* and the *Cobbler*, which are small figures familiarly personifying *avarice* and *contentment*, with their concomitants, anxiety and calm cheerfulness, we have often stopped to gaze at with a pleasure little short of admiration, as we passed along the New Road from Paddington toward the City, where they stood for several years in a certain garden, together with the large and grand group of *King Edward and his Queen Elconora in the Holy Land* ; and, as we beheld them, have smiled at the inconsistency of those who were flocking in crowds to see *Tam o'Shanter and Souter Johnny*, in Bond Street, while they stopped not a moment to see a *Souter* in Rossi's garden, that was "Hyperion to a Satyr," when compared with the sculptured cobbler whom Fashion and Puffery had stationed for a time at their head-quarters. "He that hath eyes to see, let him see," what we scarcely know whether to treat as ludicrous, or as more seriously reprehensible or deplorable. Let us have done with it : let us leave the fashion-followers and novelty-

hunters, for the present, to their own inverse ratios of taste and reasoning.

In this pair of little plastic figures is incorporated much of the peculiar merits—the refined simplicity—the graceful amenity wrought up to occasional piquancy—of the SMIRKE school of design: and though we claim not for them the high rank of monumental sculpture, yet have they moral value and rank superior to that of the productions of those Dutch and Flemish painters of rustic sports and carousals with which some critics have classed them. Unless it be in cathedrals, sculpture nowhere appears to more advantage than in parks, gardens, and pleasure-grounds; and the pair of little statues before us, independently of the taste and talent with which they are modelled, could not be contemplated with other than didactic profit, if introduced among sylvan or floral scenery, from the train of poetical and moral associations to which they inevitably lead the meditative fancy. How much this is to be preferred to the merely hilarious conviviality of the Scottish *Tam o'Shanter* and *Souter Johnny*! Yet this is as almost nothing when compared with the degrading distance at which those statues are set, as works of art, by these familiar personifications of *avarice* and *contentment*—of the spare-formed and self-starved, idle and useless, votary of Plutus—the poetic creation of GAY;\* and the admirable apposition in which he stands to the round-faced, tranquil, industrious, and independent cobbler, who, possessing nothing but himself and his simple implements, has nothing to fear,

“ And works and sings from morn till night,  
No lark more blithe than he.”

Concerning Mr. Rossi's sculptures of more elevated pretension—the principal is an elaborate and carefully-wrought recumbent group, in Carrara marble, of which the subject is *Venus and Cupid*; and which tells better, we think, in stone, than it does in verse. The Catalogue informs us, that the idea is taken from one of MOORE's elegant lyrical compositions—

“ Where Love, rock'd by his mother,  
Was sleeping as calm as slumber could make him:  
'Hush,' said Venus, 'no other  
Than his sweet voice, is worthy to wake him.' ”

“ Dreaming of music, he slumber'd the while,  
Till faint from his lips a soft melody broke;  
And Venus, enchanted, look'd on with a smile,  
Whilst Love to his own wild singing awoke.”

In this there seems more of conceit than of nature—we feel ready to add, with permission of this charming poet, more of insanity than of deific attribute. But, perhaps, Mr. MOORE may mean to intimate that the power of Love incites us to many out-of-the-way things, among which may be, singing in our sleep; but did ever man, woman, or child,

---

\* Vide the fable beginning with—

“ The wind was high, the window shakes,  
With sudden start the miser wakes.”

do this while in their sober senses? Nurses sing infants to sleep; but we never heard that they sung themselves awake; and rather incline to think it requires more energy of volition to sing than would awaken the singer; and that, though we may dream of singing, we never sing in dreaming.

We therefore think that the subject of Cupid, thus awakening, would tell better in marble than in verse; because, in the former, we are not supposed to hear the love-song, and are left at liberty to fancy only ambrosial breathings, or a soft murmur of affection, as the infant deity awakens. But the truth is, that Mr. Rossi's Cupid, with his closed eyes and lips, is fast asleep, and not singing at all. He is, probably, all the better for being thus represented; and hence we are assisted in our perception, and confirmed in our opinion, that Love's awakening to the sound of his own singing is a conceit on the part of the poet. The sculptor would not else have shrunk from this peculiarity, when he came to compare poetry with nature and common sense.

But the child whom we here contemplate—is he not, in fact, too infantile to be a *Cupid*? Could he handle his artillery with becoming dexterity or effect? Are we able, by any possibility, to associate the arch, wanton tricks, which poetry has recorded of the boy deity, with such a baby form as we here behold?

The answer, which we extract from the marble of our own reflections, is, that there was no *Cupid* in HOMER'S time: that it is, therefore, poetically fair to argue, or infer, of this mischievous offspring of Aphrodite and Mars, that his immortality had a known beginning; and that he was once infantile, as we here see him, with budding winglets, and a corresponding incipency of adolescent vigour.

The little deity is elegantly grouped with the goddess of Beauty—the attitudes of both being graceful and original, and the combination beautiful. In most points of view, the composition is extremely interesting; and so artfully contrived by the sculptor, as to command a broad and effective chiar'oscuro in whatever light it may hereafter be placed.

In order to accord with the early infancy of the god of Love, and with his appearing without his potency, the goddess of Beauty is represented in her *maternal* character—regarding, as the poet has described, her son with a smile. Yet, though not melting with amorous blandishment, the figure of Venus is of voluptuous plenitude—shall we say, more voluptuous than either requisite or elevated? Probably this ought to be, considering that it is neither Juno nor Minerva, but Venus, whom the artist has placed before us. Such a bosom we have not seen in marble before. Ah! that it should be so indurated and cold! The limbs of this beautiful figure are round and full, without redundancy, and the extremities are wrought with sufficient delicacy, but without the least tendency to seek, in that exquisite slenderness in which PARMIGIANO has taught some sculptors to delight, for the means of distinguishing a goddess from a mortal beauty. In fact, the whole figure appears to have grown out of that principled search after a golden medium, which, in its contemplations of perfection of form, avoids all excess, and is eulogised by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS under the epithet “central form.”

No. 2, is a statue of *Mercury* producing the golden apples presented by Juno at the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. No. 3, *The Poet Thomson in his Study*, of which we have treated above. No. 4, is the *Musidora* of this poet—graceful and simple, without the least affectation of elegance; a simple rustic maiden, one of Nature's own beauties, who

———“comes to bathe  
Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream;  
And seems, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.”

The descriptive Catalogue, somewhat inaccurately, says, “This also is a *recumbent* figure”—whereas the maiden is neither at rest nor leaning, but erect, and evidently stepping into the water.

No. 5, is MILTON'S *Eve*, bending “to look into the clear smooth lake.”

No. 6, *Zephyrus and Aurora*, is not taken from any poem; but has prompted a poet (J. SYDNEY TAYLOR, Esq., the barrister) to the composition of the following sonnet:—

“Poetic vision! such as bards of old  
Dreamt in th' Ausonian bowers, or by the wave  
Of clear Ilyssus, or in Tempe's vale;  
Scenes the enchantment of the Muse had fill'd  
With forms like these—so mild! so beautiful!  
Like this young Zephyr, wearied with his play  
Around the green home of the blushing rose,  
And dreaming bliss; and such as this fair girl,  
Bright-hair'd Aurora, delicately fond—  
Who, with soft glance, and touch of magic love,  
Breathes o'er him that sweet voice, which soon shall chase  
The dewy slumbers from his graceful brow,  
And light his eyes with waking ecstasy.”

There are also, *A grand Chimney-piece*, surmounted by two bronze figures; compositions in honour of NELSON'S and WELLINGTON'S victories; models of a statue to the late BENJAMIN WEST, Esq., P. R. A., and of the *Celadon and Amelia*, which was sculptured by Mr. Rossi for the Earl of EGREMONT; and the noble terra-cotta of *Edward and Queen Elcanor*, of the dimensions of nature, which we have slightly noticed above, and of which the critic of the *Times* informs us that it was modelled in terra-cotta five-and-twenty years ago, and very quaintly adds, that “it is distinguished by a general chasteness of style, which places it above any other work of a like nature, by any living British artist.”





## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD HAT.

BY ROLEY M'PHERSON, ESQ.

---

"I had a Hat—it was not *all* a Hat."

---

OF all the minor evils and *désagréments* to which a sensitive mind is subject, there is none, perhaps, more annoying than the conviction that arises from the fact of appearing in society under a mean or unfashionable garb. This, it is true, is a petty feeling, and one to which the mind of genius should rise superior; yet it is nevertheless true that the most gifted individuals, unless influenced by a spirit of eccentricity, have been the most anxious to guard against any imputation of meanness in their outward dress and apparel. For my own part, although not a genius, I must admit that a desire to appear well-dressed has always been a prevailing trait in my disposition; and I flatter myself, that except during that unfortunate period of my life to which I am about to allude, I have never appeared on the *pavé*, or in the saloon, without being attired in the full fashion of a gentleman.

It is now some five or six years since, that, walking down Regent Street on a fine summer's afternoon, observing the last new modes that the swarms of ladies displayed, and endeavouring in my own mind to excogitate some plausible reason, either of utility or beauty, that induced the fashion of sleeves *en gigot*, and other enormities, that ever and anon flitted past me—my attention was arrested by the appearance of a very fine display of "gentlemen's beavers," of an entirely new cut, that were very showily arranged in a shop-window; and remembering, at the same time, that I was possessed of two or three extra guineas that I did not exactly know what to do with (an uncertainty of mind not common with me), I thought I could not better appropriate the same than in the purchase of one of these fashionable articles. I accordingly stepped into the shop, and, after fitting myself to my mind, and becoming thoroughly convinced, by the eloquence of the shop-keeper, that my personal appearance was wonderfully improved by this addition, I laid my redundant coin upon the counter and sallied forth.

There is something very gratifying to the man of *ton*, in the sensation with which, for the first time, he displays a new, fashionable, well-fitted garment. He looks around him with a certain feeling of superiority upon the crowd. There is a *noli me tangere* in his air, and an easy nonchalance in his manner, that bespeak the man tolerably well satisfied with his own appearance, and rather dubiously satisfied with the appearance of every body else. It was in somewhat such a mood of mind that I displayed my new Hat. Somebody has said, very truly, that a perfect gentleman never *appears* to know that he is dressed—indeed, I think this a prominent distinguishing trait that divides the well-bred man of taste from the assuming tyro—but, to say that a gentleman does not *actually* know, and feel too, when he is dressed, is counter to the fact, and altogether derogatory to common sense. I had not

walked far, when, oh, luckless moment ! I was accosted by Bob Rattler, an old acquaintance, a man well known on the race-course, and whose propensity for betting was so excessive, that he seldom or ever met an acquaintance without indulging it ; no matter how trivial or insignificant the subject, if there existed a difference of opinion upon it, that was enough for Bob ; and, what is most remarkable of all, he was generally willing to bet on either side—unless, in some instance, where the odds were terribly against him.

Now, if there is any thing in this world that I most cordially despise, more especially since this unlucky meeting, it is the character of a systematic bettor. A man who will wager you five guineas that he will draw a prize in a lottery, or five guineas that he will not—such a man was Bob Rattler. “ Ah, Mac,” said he, “ how do ?—fine day—general turn out : by the bye, I did not see you at the races the other day.” “ No, I was not at the races ; I hate races.” “ *Hate* races ! Fine sport, I assure you ; more than five million of people on the course.” To this I expressed my surprise by reiterating the number—“ Five million ! you speak at random.” “ No, I don’t,” said Bob ; “ I speak in certainty.” “ Surely,” I replied, “ you did not count them.” “ Did not count them !” repeated the vigilant Bob—“ what will you bet ?” “ Not a farthing : what is the use of betting on such a ridiculous subject ?” I answered. Here Bob got in a passion : “ Mr. McPherson,” said he, “ when I hear a man make an assertion without being willing afterwards to support it by a wager, I look upon that man as having more respect for his purse than for his honour.”

Had this bravado come from any other person, I should have looked upon it as an insult ; but considering the man who uttered it, I was about turning away with a contemptuous Phsaw ! My arm was arrested in the act, and the suddenly pacified Bob exclaimed, “ No offence, I hope ; none meant, ’pon honour. Pretty hat of yours—made a purchase myself this morning. How do you like it ?” I elevated my orbs of vision, being somewhat short in stature, and beheld, for the first time, the cranium of my friend crowned with a very respectable ordinary hat. The hat was well enough in its way ; but, being of a very common description, bore no sort of comparison with the fine material and exquisite finish of mine. This led to a word or two of the beauty and durability of Hats in general, and Beaver Hats in particular. “ Economy is my motto,” said Bob, “ and I fancy a twenty-shilling hat will wear as long as your beaver.” “ I fancy not,” said I. “ What will you bet,” exclaimed the pugnacious Bob—“ what will you bet that I do not wear my hat as long as you wear yours ?” Knowing the character of the man, I should have avoided him at this moment ; but my evil genius was upon me, and I listened while the excited wagerer repeated his question, and added, “ I will bet fifty guineas, if you dare, that I wear my hat the longest.” Oh, why did not the drums of my ears become parchment before I listened to this devilish proposal ? Alas ! will fifty guineas—will hundreds—repay me for the vexation, the deep grinding injuries I have received for my folly ? I felt piqued, and certain of winning the bet, foolish as it was. I knew Bob to be a careless fellow in his dress—I knew, or thought I knew, he could not use the hat three months, and I was sure I could wear mine six, and be

decent—in short, I was urged, by the devil, I believe, to accept the bet. The bet was again repeated, witnessed, and registered; and at that moment a curse fell upon me that years will not remove.

The first three months passed—Bob wore his hat continually, and, strange to say, almost without soiling it. I had some doubts whether it was the same; but as I considered him an honourable fellow in affairs of this kind, I could not question it. My own beaver had suffered little or nothing; the extreme care with which it was handled—the scrupulous attention I paid to the act of mounting and dismounting it—the placing it always in some retired situation, far from passing elbows or careless passengers, contributed much to its preservation; not a brush did I suffer to slide over it more than once or twice during this period, and in passing a crowd I always protected my hat at the expense of my elbows; but how my careless opponent in the wager had contrived to wear his hat for three long months, I could not divine. Six months passed, and still Bob's infernal roram kept up its appearance, while mine began sensibly to show marks of decay; there was an evident absence of nap on the edge of the crown that was truly alarming—the extremity of the *pilei margines* had caught a sickly yellowish tinge, that positively indicated a decline—the gloss had entirely vanished, and a dull, dead-looking black remained. It rained heavily one night as I was returning from the theatre—(I never carry an umbrella)—the coach-stands were deserted—and not one light showed itself a signal of shelter, and my hat suffered. It is true, I took it off, and covered it as well as I could with my cloak, choosing rather to wet my head than my hat; but still it suffered; a long hour of dressing and brushing the next day did not restore it to its primitive beauty; the glory thereof had departed, and it was with feelings of the most heartfelt sorrow that I was forced to the sad conviction, that this hat of my love—this *galerus febrinus* of my affection, received its death-blow. A sure and rapid decline was the consequence. Never did a mother watch with more intense interest over the gradual decay of her first-born, than did I over the dying beauties of my hat.

Another six months passed, and, oh! what “a change came o’er the fashion of my hat.” It was a dull spiritless day in June, just twelve months from the day of its purchase, that I sat down dejected and disheartened to muse over the faded glories of my fallen beaver. Alas! what a contrast to its former beauty presented itself in the dingy, shapeless thing that lay before me! The nap, the *animus*, the soul, had long ago vanished to that world where momentary ages are no more, and nothing now remained but the dull black body, the soulless inanimate corpse. The brim had grown weak and sadly debilitated—the smart curl that it once possessed had vanished with the strength that supported it, and from it now hung down, dead, flabby and shapeless. The crown, alas! the crown had lost all title to respect; a certain rakish blackguard air it had acquired—several rents too were in sad keeping with its general appearance; and, as I gazed upon it, I was too sensibly reminded of some worn-out debauchee, whose face, marked and scarified with the bruises of some drunken revel, is the disgust of every sober-minded Christian. But this was not all: the forlorn appearance of my hat (had I not worn it—had I not actually become

identified with it) I could have borne—I might win the wager yet; my opponent's roram had suffered—suffered much—and I had strong hopes that he, sickened and tired out with the contest, would give up: but the evil was, that my hat and myself had become as it were one piece. Already was I known by the name of “the man with the hat”—already had the most of my fashionable friends given me the “dead cut.” If I met an old face in the street, my hat was scanned most contemptuously, and the wearer likewise; and if I received a nod, it was given with a don't-recollect sort of an air that was utterly unendurable. In vain I endeavoured to laugh out the thing among those friends that still remained, telling them my object was to win the bet; but my laugh was too ghastly to pass for mirth: “there was a spectral horror in that smile.” In vain I dressed more than ever—my hat suffered the more from the contrast. But if the retrospection was so full of misery, the prospect before me was still more terrible. If I threw away the hat now, I lost fifty guineas, and gained a load of vexation into the bargain: if I continued to wear it, I must expect evils of still greater magnitude than any I had yet experienced;—the hat would continue to decay, and each revolving sun would shine upon its more forlorn aspect; my friends would all cut me—and I should be left a mark for “Scorn to point its slow unmoving finger at”—ridiculed, and despised. The thought maddened me. Despair urged me on, and, reckless of all consequences, I determined to wear the cursed object till the bet was won, or until its last shred dropped on the ground before me;—rash, inconsiderate determination! Years have passed since I made it, but the recollection of its consequences is as the remembrance of a thing of yesterday.

With the calm settled feeling of resolute despair, I seized the luckless beaver, and fitting it upon my feverish brow, I rushed into the streets, hardly knowing what I did. My steps almost mechanically led me to the lodgings of the author of my evil. I was ushered up stairs. Seated in a well-cushioned chair, smoking his cigar, and apparently as contented and satisfied with himself as the Grand Turk, I beheld the invincible Bob. I seized a chair, not to sit down, but to annihilate its owner. I could have *crushed him to a jelly*—and I do not know why I did not; a moment's thought perhaps saved him—and I dropped the chair. “Sit down, sit down—pray, Mac, sit down,” cried the self-satisfied Bob. I sat down. “Allow me,” said he, “to take your *hat*; don't, for heaven's sake, put it upon the floor—it may get soiled; permit me to put it upon this table—a beautiful article, 'pon honour.” This was too much. I rose from my seat, and with the fury of a tiger sprang upon the insulting scoundrel. I seized him by the collar; but before throwing him out of the window, as I intended, I made out (frothing with rage) to ask, “what in the devil's name he meant by insulting me in this manner?” “Now, Mac,” said Bob, “pray don't get in a passion.” “No,” said I, “I am not in a passion—I am perfectly cool; it is my intention, Sir, to dash your brains out on the pavement—but I shall do it calmly and coolly, and without the *least* passion; I never was more *perfectly* calm in my life.” “I will bet you fifty guineas,” said he, “you are not calm.” Whether it was a fit of horror that came over me at the mention of another *bet*, or whether I was smothered with excessive rage, I know not; but I dropped my hold,



and fell senseless on the chair. When I recovered myself, I found my pugnacious friend very coolly making a *sketch* of my hat as it stood drooping and forlorn upon the table!! Not a smile—not the least appearance of mirth, was on his countenance; but with a sober, serious, and apparently deeply-interested air, he pursued his task. I arose from my seat, and thereby seemed to interrupt him. "Stop one moment," said he; "don't go yet: that *one* flap of the brim—allow me to catch *that*! Ah, I have it!" I took my *hat*: "Sir," said I, "will you please to tell me how long you intend to continue this—how long you mean to wear your hat?" "Why, till I win the bet, to be sure; you surely do not intend to lay by that beautiful article of yours, I hope?"

I rushed into the street, and arrived at home in a state of mind which I can express no better than by using the convenient expression, "easier felt than described." I threw myself upon a sofa, and thrust the cursed cause of all my misery under it. Wearied and exhausted in mind and body by the scene I had gone through—worn out by the wear and tear of conflicting thoughts, and utterly sick to death with the horrid anticipations that flitted like ghostly spectres continually before me, I sunk into a sort of stupefaction—sleep it was not. Visions of old hats in every state of decay rose up in awful array before me;—ghosts of departed rorams, perched on bloody death's-heads, nodded as they passed me;—beavers, brimless and terribly deformed, flitted in the air;—and the shades of every old hat since the days of their first invention seemed collected into one loathsome, horrid pile, to mock me. My own consumptive beaver was conspicuous in the midst; it was perched on the head of a short, slim, gentlemanly-looking ghost, that put me fearfully in mind of my own corpse. Such, thought I, shall I be when I am dead. But the *hat*—surely the *hat* will not follow me into the region of spirits. At this instant an unearthly-looking animal, of a most savage, infernal appearance, pounced, methought, into the midst of that collection;—the ghosts scattered, and the hats seemed deadly pale with affright and horror. Presently they slunk away into the earth, and this dreadful beast made a terrible plunge at my counterpart; he darted from him, but in the sudden spring his hat fell off; the wolfish spectre seized it in his long tiger teeth, and uttering a dreadful howl, I was startled, and awoke. The first object that met my sight was Towser—a large Newfoundland dog, a pet of my own—with my unfortunate hat between his teeth!! Oh, horrible sight! a large piece of the brim was gone—the monster had gnawed it into atoms; and in another instant a perfect annihilation of the crown would have been consummated. I seized a mighty pair of tongs that stood in the fire-place, and sent it, armed with death, point blank at the wretch; he evaded the blow, and the tongs demolished a mirror that stood just where it ought not to stand. My remnant of a hat was saved—the crown was there, and a *piece* of the brim; the *other pieces*—"non est inventus!!"

I shall attempt no description of my feelings; that day and the next I kept my room; the serious indisposition of my hat was the cause. I sent for a hatter—he came. I asked him if the thing could be mended. He shook his head: "No," said he, "the thing is up with

that article." "No, never," I exclaimed—"never let it be said that, from a false notion of pride, I shrunk back from my duty."

If the feelings of one hundred individuals, about to take, each of them, for the first time, a dose of medicine formed of the most nauseous admixtures, could be sublimated, or, as it were, *stewed down* into one loathsome, sickening disgust, they might convey some idea of the feelings with which I again mounted my skeleton of a hat. I rushed to Westminster Bridge Stairs, thinking that a little cool air might revive me. I stepped into the boat; we rowed a short way up the river; the wind was high—and, oh, horror of horrors! to close this "sad eventful history," my hat was blown off! I saw it whirl through the air—I saw it fall upon the water: for a moment it was buoyed upon the bosom of the waves, as taking its last farewell of this fair world—a moment it hung like a spirit between time and eternity—

"But long it could not be,  
Until its *hollow crown*, heavy with drink,  
Pull'd the poor *hat* from its receding wave,  
To muddy death."

As for the bet—but let that pass—I paid it.

## PATRIOTISM;

OR, OUR LOVE FOR AND DUTY TO OUR COUNTRY.

### No. IV.

(Continued from Vol. I. p. 554.)

WHY, then (to come back to a question we have before put), should there be men who are *not* Patriots? It would seem clearly their interest to be so, and clearly a right of their country to have them be so. No reasons can be found but in *Ambition*. Look to that, however, and you see them in abundance.

After the recognition of their *Rights*, and the regard paid to their *Interests*, in consistency with public good, there comes this, the third of the principal things belonging to men as members of a state. Here the character of the man differs materially from what we see it in the other two respects; in this he appears at first sight to possess something independent of reference to other men; and to define this, and describe in what manner it should be respected, must be one division of our subject. This sometimes causes men to claim more than their right is, and induces them to act contrary to the interest of society, and even to that of themselves. And hence it is that the attribute of *Ambition* is considered either as a vice or as a virtue, according to the nature of the results to which it leads. We say of a man, reproachfully, that he has "no ambition," that is, that he is wanting in such a spur of motive as is necessary for the accomplishing of beneficial and praiseworthy undertakings; or, that he is "an ambitious man," meaning that his motive spurs him too far, that he is one who would be disposed to overstep the proper bounds of his own right and trespass upon that of others.

*Ambition*, taking the word in its most comprehensive sense, is that motive by which men are prompted to seek such objects as they may happen to value, and in the possession of which they expect to become happy. We will not confine it to the love of *distinction* in particular; for there are some whose very ambition consists in a desire to avoid every sort of notice, and whose best hopes for themselves are fixed on a state of being free from activity in the enjoyment of quiet indifference to all around them. Such is the ambition of a mere sloth; and the object of this is of so low a grade, that the spur to it would be called no ambition at all. And yet it is not, in every way, more low than the objects of some who like to be distinguished. We have heard of a man whose thirst for notoriety was so strong, that others believed he would rather be hanged with a full report of his execution than bear to live a creditable life without being the subject of public talk.

The *Objects* of men's ambition are very many; but to avoid being tediously minute, we will consider them principally as these: *Wealth*, *Power*, and *Fame*. These, indeed, might all be comprised in one, or, in another view again, would admit of further subdivision. We take them, however, as thus distributed, that being most suitable to our purpose.

Besides the ambition of which these objects are the end, there are certain other attributes, *Qualities* of the mind in men, to be taken into account. And to simplify these also, we will call them *Sense*, *Justice*, and *Resolution*. These *Qualities* must not be overlooked: because, it would be of no use for us to treat of mere fools; nor is any intelligence worthy of respect in which the sense of justice is wanting; nor can the distinction between right and wrong avail any positive good with a mind so far devoid of spirit as to be incapable of acting up to its convictions.

*Resolution* (otherwise called *courage*, *fortitude*, *strength of mind*, &c.) so far differs from *Ambition*, that though the latter may act as the strongest stimulus, it may act in vain, and the object to which it urges may never be had for want of that capability which the former gives towards the attainment. Thus we see plenty of men ambitious enough, desirous to gain the most important objects, and, at the same time, so void of resolution as to miss them all; as heated and anxious, but as nervous, as some horses are at a fence—*spurred* to the quick, yet unable to *go*. Without *Resolution*, therefore, men would be inactive. But by this, which gives them activity, their *Sense* is brought into practical effect. And so long as that *Sense* is not at variance with *Justice*, there can be no *Object of Ambition* to tempt them beyond what is consistent at once with their own *Interests* and *Rights* and those of their neighbours.

*Wealth* is a thing the *use* of which it might seem superfluous to assert, since all of us sufficiently prove our sense of its utility by our desire to possess it. There is, however, much disagreement in the opinions of men respecting both the manner of acquiring wealth and that of applying it. To be wealthy is to have the means of *doing well*; and, therefore, the acquisition of such means cannot but be a laudable object. The idea of what "doing well" is, will, of course, always vary, according to the various situations in which men are, and as

they may be satisfied to remain as they are, or wish to alter their circumstances. Yet, contented or not as they may happen to be, there is one thing which the good of all and each requires them to be *fixed* in; namely, the determination to do as well as they can in whatever station they be placed.

The genuine source of wealth in civilised communities is *industry*. Before any portion of the common stock, which, by the law of nature, would belong equally to all, can fairly be appropriated to the use of a particular one, he must have done something to deserve it. Having thus produced that to which value is attached, what he receives in return becomes his own; and to give him protection in the enjoyment of, as well as encouragement to make the gain, should be the study of those whose business it is to promote the well-being of a country. The Roman's *quocumque modo rem* is too natural a mode of becoming rich for the maxim ever to be out of date: so we find it alive in plain English to this day—"Get money if you can honestly; if not, get money." It is really dictated by nature, and just what the savages, who catch wild beasts and other things *as they can*, now act upon. And, moreover, incompatible as it is with the laws of society, there is a reason why even civilised men should be loth to suffer so unrefined a doctrine to become obsolete; for, by the same unchanging law which makes all men of property favour the protection of their exclusive right, the savage and the civilised are born alike with such an aversion to *industry* as nothing but the force of necessity or long habit can get the better of. Whatever forms of argument may be affected to countenance the making of unjust gain, their true substance is best expressed in this barbarous maxim; it is upon that only that any improper opinion respecting the *acquiring* of wealth can be rested. The Jewish extortioner, the speculator in chance, the man of easy place with heavy pay, the sinecurist, the job-doing pensioner, the common thief, all find their authority here alone. Another maxim, not of barbarous but of civil origin, calls "idleness the parent of vice," which, while it amounts to a protest of society against idleness in its members, is proved by experience to be true, as we know that the far greater part of the acts which human laws regard as criminal can arise, under a state of good order, in nothing but a propensity to live upon what the labour of others has created. True it is, that some are allowed to live on what they had no right to come by. Yet if that is the case, there is little encouragement in the example. Fair as well as foul attempts at acquisition are liable to failure; but then the failure is the sole injury suffered from the fair attempt, while the additional grievance of punishment never ceases to hang over the head of the attempter at foul dealing; and means of life enjoyed at such a risk can hardly be called prosperity.

"*What comes over the Devil's back goes under his belly*," is one of our good old sayings as to the *application* of wealth; meaning, that what is ill gotten will be ill spent. It stands to reason that this must be the case. We cannot expect that a man will make a proper use of that which he has obtained by an improper pursuit: that would be supposing him to act upon two directly opposite principles at one and the same time. What finds experience here? Why, precisely, that of



which it informs us by the above saying ; and though there may be some instances which seem to imply exceptions to it, this saying is, nevertheless, the rule.

Wealth is nearly allied with another of the objects we have to speak of : it is the commonest source of *Power* amongst civilised men. There are, indeed, other causes to make men powerful ; such are those uncommon faculties for which we are indebted to nature. But, generally speaking, it is by being wealthy that men are possessed of *Power*. Some communities of people are held in contempt on account of the too great respect for wealth which is supposed to pervade them. The fact is, however, that the whole of mankind entertain the same respect in a very high degree ; and if this fact can be questioned, the laws of all nations relative to the rights of property furnish sufficient evidence of it. The policy of such respect is also beyond doubt ; for, if wealth affords the means, that is, the *Power*, of *doing well*, must it not be worthy of our respect ? The respect for his property will reasonably extend to the owner likewise ; for we are bound to presume that his ownership is merited till the contrary be shown ; and though his riches should have come to him by mere inheritance, he is, as disposer of them, the representative of another in whom was the meritorious cause, and what he has he may justly be countenanced in holding by our presumption that he will employ it in a proper way.

We all know that *Power*, whether arising from wealth or whatever else, is immediately beneficial by its enabling us to indulge our *will* : beneficial, supposing the will to be a right one. But supposing ! Who of us supposed his own to be wrong ? Others may, though we may not ourselves. And now, coming again to the question of what it is to "do well," we have to consider, along with it, that third object of ambition, which consists in the views men take of the characters of one another, commonly called *Fame*. Men are so dependant on the estimation in which they are held by their fellow-men, that there can be no one of character so insignificant as not to be more or less interested in *Fame*. It excites, in a greater or less degree, the anxiety of every body. Well it may ; because it is a thing that will meddle in our concerns, whether we will or not. Fame's most celebrated describer has called her a monster of wonderment and horror, loving truth no better than falsehood—

*Tam ficti pravique tenax, quàm nuntia veri.*

And yet her consequence amongst us can never decrease, so long as we ourselves are not indifferent about her doings. If she deals in the false, she also deals in the true ; and with all the causes there are for misrepresentation, we find that *report* is in most cases according to *fact*. What means SENECA by his advice, "*Be what you would appear*," or our saying "*Honesty is the best policy*," but that our interest requires us to rely most in the expectation of truth, and, that if the interference of fame cannot be prevented, what it does in our behalf will generally be good or evil according to those *deeds* which it finds to make known ? Fame is a source of both riches and ruin ; for a good reputation may give us wealth and power in abundance, and a bad one may take them all away, or render their abundance but a misery ; and this being the case, it

necessarily follows that the man who is not absolutely indifferent to every other object of ambition cannot help turning his eyes towards this.

We have before said, that the first duty of a *Patriot* consists in his submission to the will of the government; and also, that the rights of the public are to be thought of before the rights of individuals: that is to say, that no one of us should indulge his own will in defiance of the united wills of all the rest, nor claim as a right any more than may be granted without wrong to others. And justly; because public control is a means which we have all adopted and agreed to depend upon for the sake of our common interests, and without something of the kind no civil right, national or personal, could be preserved.

With all this, however, we contend that that doctrine is an absurdity, which says, that for a man to love his country as he ought all love of *self* is to be cast aside. No two things in the world are more necessarily blended. Let it be observed, that the main-spring of action is not in the government, but in the men it presides over; that though a government is the regulator of the movements of a nation, there were nations of men in being and in motion before governments began to be; for that no creatures not already working to some ends of existence could need any power to regulate them. So that, while it is the business of government to superintend the affairs of the community in general, the separate affairs of each one are a business peculiarly his own. For a man to be thought of any importance as a part of his country, his condition must be such as to make him worthy of consideration. It is not the business of government alone to make him this: he cannot look to the manager of common interests and say, "Make me to deserve wealth, power, or good repute." He has to work his own way to the deserving of these objects. Though he will, like all who have obligations, be called upon to observe what he *owes* towards his country, he will be left to exertion in himself for what he is to *gain* from it; and by his efforts at real prosperity he is not only not remiss in his duty as a patriot, but rather acting to its performance; since, as it is for the common interest that prosperity should spread as widely as possible, and the aim of good government to promote such conduct as may extend it, the endeavour of each to prosper is indispensable for the success of that great design. It is not to public, any more than to private advantage, that the persons who compose the community should be a set of destitutes. No man is made without wants; merit without the hope of reward is out of nature; and men of no merit are worth no country's having. What, then, is a due regard for *self*, if not an earnest of submission to public authority as rightly exercised; what, if not a part, a very ingredient, of every man's patriotic duty?

"*To thine own SELF be true*" are the concluding words of one of SHAKESPEARE'S finest passages: and never was fidelity recommended in a better cause than that of *self*. "But," it may be asked, "is the thought of ourselves to forbid all thoughts of others?" By no means. If we were all solitary beings, it necessarily would; but as there can be no civil existence but in society, the idea of self is of necessity associated with that of others. Self must, according to man's view of his nature, be a wretched thing indeed without such an association. We are not

supposing the case of Adam before the creation of Eve, nor of the "last man" in the novel. But if that be true, which no one ever denied, that "*self-preservation is nature's first law*," whatever stands nearest to self will naturally be the subject of its first solicitude; and among the various degrees of relationship that men bear to each other in society, the attachment of self to whatever is not purely a part of it should be strict in proportion as individual interests approach each other closely in that general state of connexion in which all are bound up in one. Every one of us has a certain relation with the whole of his country at large; but what kind of relation would this be, what cause for attachment could there exist, what union of interests, if there were no intermediate ties? Nothing but absolute worthlessness to each other could be found in a country without any thing but that name to attract man, and a man who recognised nothing in country but so empty an attraction. The *Man*, in his capacity of *Patriot*, cannot be disconnected from the *Son*, the *Brother*, the *Husband*, the *Father*, the *Master*, the *Servant*, the *Friend*, the *Neighbour*. On the contrary, he will be found to be the most truly patriotic man who fulfils the respective offices of these relationships of life in the best manner. He has conferred a benefit upon his country, says JUVENAL, who makes his son an able and honest citizen:

*Gratum est, quod patriæ civem, populoque dedisti,  
Si facis, ut patriæ sit idoneus, utilis agris,  
Utilis et bellorum, et pacis rebus agendis.*

It must be just the same in every other relationship that intervenes between any one man and a whole nation of his species. It is not country that makes these, but these that make country. What is the most sacred duty? We answer, *that which can least be dispensed with*. Even as it is with nations of the universe, and universal benevolence, so it is with persons ruled by a law of self-preservation, when looking from beyond their mere selves to the most remote causes for adherence to country. "Draw the net too wide, and you let go the fish." If BOLINGBROKE is not mistaken in his assertion, that "he who abandons or betrays his country will abandon or betray his friend," how much more obvious is it that he who abandons or betrays his friend will abandon or betray his country! RAYNAL'S argument is precisely the inverse of BOLINGBROKE'S: his reason for not trusting a prodigal with public revenue is, that one who has squandered himself out of pocket cannot be expected to be economical of a nation's treasure.\* But the notions entertained upon these subjects are as full of inconsistency as ever: while the severest reproach to mankind still is, that men are themselves their own greatest enemies, it is the fashion, forsooth, to praise a man for being "nobody's enemy but his own"!

By thus confessing all the importance that belongs to *self*, we at once come to something really worthy of the first of those *Qualities* before mentioned, to something *sensible*. There is no avoiding it, if you would discuss the matter rationally. You may beat round and round the bush

\* "Ecartez surtout le prodigue. Comment l'homme qui a mal géré ses propres affaires administrera-t-il celles d'un grand état? Quoi! il a dissipé ses fonds, et il sera économe du revenu public?"—HIST. PHILOS. tom. x. p. 236.

to eternity, and say the finest things that can be thought of; but if your ideas of patriotism are so high-flown as to be above all those of *self*, you will preach to no practical end. This will ever come in the way, and you must either bring it in to help you on, or stop at the obstacle.

And now, as to the *well-doing* of men in society—whether by the means of wealth as commonly so called, consisting in money, goods, and chattels, or by those of power to do as they wish, or by those of fame in being thought worthy, or by those of either of these having its direct object in another of them—we hope that, from what has been already said, our readers will have conceived the kind of opinion we ourselves entertain upon that point. We are by no means disposed to confine ambition in *distance*; it is not to stay it in its advance, but to give it right *direction*, that the rein is wanting. If a man have the resolution to go forward, let him obey the spur; but let the course in which he proceeds be marked out by justice; let his steps be dictated by the sense which every intelligent mind must be alive to, of those relative rights and interests before-mentioned—of those relations, of kindred or of social alliance, without which he himself could be nothing to society and society nothing to him. We do not mean, by a man's being bound to do his best in his present station, that he must aim to be no more than he is. Be ambition without end, while its object is such as may be justly aimed at: strive to get all you possibly can of what you are fairly entitled to; desire to be able to effect any thing that is good; long to be noticed by the rest of mankind for whatever is praiseworthy. If men always acted on *these* principles of patriotism, no man could be too ambitiously inclined; the few could never put forward such pretensions to wealth as to ruin the many, unlimited power might safely be entrusted to any one, and there would be no infamy to make example hateful.

If there are some persons who would discard these observations as foreign to the subject, and call them no more than a common-place lecture on morals, such persons may be right in the one part of their view, but they are, in our opinion, woefully wrong in the other. We have no such pretensions to originality here, as those of having discovered a new system of morals; and in applying what the wiser have already said in their reflections on man's general character to that particular part of it which is our point, it has only been to put the subject in its proper light, and to leave *patriotism* to be looked upon by every man as a part of his *morality*. Those, we say, who look upon it in any other way, are woefully wrong. Any theory of patriotic conduct that they can have adopted must have been imagined in blindness, and the course of its practice must be full of error.

In what we have expressed, or left to be inferred by the thoughtful, there is a *foundation* for patriotism to rest upon. There are, to be sure, some instances of peculiar circumstance with the patriot, in which his conduct and claims to respect are also peculiar. But "*Public Spirit*," "*Love of Liberty*," and "*Disinterestedness*," of which it has, no doubt, been expected that we should speak, are of too much importance to be disposed of in a few words. We shall reserve these for a future occasion.



*Views of the Old and New London Bridges ; the former, in its last state and demolition ; the latter, during its erection and in its finished state.*

Drawn and etched by EDWARD WILLIAM COOKE, with Historical Descriptions, by an eminent Architect. Parts 1, 2, and 3, completing the Series. Published by JOHN BROWN, Old Broad Street, City, for the Proprietors.

THE said proprietors ought to find, and we therefore hope will find, in this publication a valuable property. Though countervailing, on some points, the prevalent fashion, it appears to have been begun, persevered in, and completed in generous reliance on the radically-sound taste and appreciation of the public. There was noble-mindedness in the hazard ; and where confidence is thus reposed, at least honourable recognizance is due ; and this ought to be attended or followed by adequate encouragement.

It is, in nearly every respect, a production of great excellence. The views are judiciously chosen, faithfully delineated, and etched with exemplary talent ; while the effects are powerful, and severally suited to the subjects ; and the topographical descriptions are replete with interesting information, very scientifically arranged.

The work is on an ample scale, both with regard to its dimensions, and the considerable number of picturesque views which Mr. E. W. COOKE's taste and discernment has discovered, selected, and supplied—some of them from very recondite and unusual, and others from quite unprecedented, stations ; and which must have been attended with considerable difficulty of access, and further difficulty in the management of the perspective. The plates, varying in their sizes with the demands of their subjects, are many of them at least a foot in height, by 16 inches or more in length ; and the subjects are so selected, as to explain and illumine, both what the architectural talent of our forefathers had accomplished—which the artist has so contrived, by exhibiting the leading features, as it were, under the process of dissection, as to excite and gratify a deep and peculiar antiquarian interest—and also what modern architecture, aided by various improvements in the sciences, has been enabled to substitute, to the great advantage of commerce and of old Father Thames.

Some half century or so ago, when WOOLLETT and WEST produced their famous large engraving of the *Battle of La Hogue*, the foreign print-pirates—who still continue to heap up inequitable gains by the invasion of English engraved property—contrived to smuggle forth a small copy of WOOLLETT's masterly plate ; and, while they pretended to fancy a joke, really found a more solid advantage in dedicating it "*To all lovers of little things, and cheap buyers.*" Since those days—which were also the days when PIRANESI's magnificent Roman, and ROOKER's English, architectural views were produced and admired—the above-named class of lovers and purchasers of *little things* are become so numerous, that (for the exceptions are not many) almost every English engraving is totally *dedicated* to them. Philosophers say that it is never wise, and at the best is venturesome, to quarrel with the public taste, even when it prefers Mr. ELLISTON's *burletta* of *Macbeth*,

to SHAKESPEARE'S *tragedy*: and some of the said philosophers proceed to argue, that unless, like Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, you are strong and influential enough to *lead* the fashion, it is your duty humbly to *follow* it—critic though you may believe, or even boast, yourself to be. Duly submitting, we shall not here stop to inquire or deplore whether, or how far, the taste of the British public, in its newly-found affection for minute and elaborate landscapes, has degenerated toward the state it was in when CRISPIN DE PASSE, PENZ, and the BEHAMS were patronised (as the historians of engraving inform us they were) under the emphatic designation of "The Little Masters;" but shall only observe, that the class of cheap buyers may still find themselves, and their means of patronising the arts, accommodated in Mr. COOKE'S *London Bridges*; while, what we shall venture to call the superior advantage of ample dimensions in the treatment of subjects of this interesting nature, when in transit, are rendered, in our estimation, so manifest, that the artists of the *London Bridges* should be regarded as pictorial conservators; or as those Roman vestals, whose duty and delight it was to keep alive the sacred fire. Better, far better, in our opinion, is it to give the whole physiognomy of a fine subject, in every interesting point of view, as the Messrs. COOKE have done—bringing away the honey with the industry of bees, than, with the fluttering frivolity of butterflies, to view a single feature only, and hasten away to a foreign subject: as he is a wiser and more useful man who knows a few good things thoroughly, than he who has but partial and superficial acquaintance with a far greater number. Are the novelty-hunting smatterers the men of sound taste and sincere attachment? We believe not. The poet says—

"He serves the Muses erringly still,  
Whose aim is pleasure, light and fugitive:—  
Oh! that our powers were equal to fulfil  
The comprehensive mandate which *they* give!  
Yet, in this moral strain a power may live."

Mr. COOKE has, at least, let the public see the difference between a bold and vigorous style of treating bridge and river scenery, and the wonder-niggling state and style of the little landscapes, with which the per annum 12mo. volumes of pretty stories, fugitive scraps and sonnets, are adorned. Leaving, of course, the public to make its own election, we shall frankly add in this place, that we in especial are the better pleased with the course which the Messrs. COOKE have steered, inasmuch as it harmonises with our own principle of walking round a worthy object, and surveying it on every side, so as to convey a competent idea of the whole, in preference to the restlessness of perpetually hunting after pretty novelty and endless variety.

Of the two Bridges with their accessories, here are not fewer than a dozen plates—some of them scarcely short of 17 inches in length, so that they approach in these respects to those works of the Antiquities of Rome, which are found in nearly every library of importance, and which have rendered the name of PIRANESI immortal! demonstrating, at a glance, the superiority of this ancient mode of etching through hard ground, to the lithographic, and all the other modern modes of producing numerous impressions on paper. And not in these respects alone; for the style of *handling* in which the picturesque varieties of the

stone-work is treated, also bears resemblance—not only to PIRANESI's style, but, in some passages, to that of CANALETTI's also, whose freedom of line, and the clear brightness of whose half-tints and reflexes, have ever been esteemed exemplary. The varieties of line and touch which these distinguished masters employed, modified by original feeling, has Mr. E. W. COOKE adopted and varied so as happily to express the antiquated stone-work, whether mouldering, weather-stained, time-worn, broken by accidental violence—

“Or split with summer's heat or winter's frost”

with the original chisellings, still partially remaining, so as to convey an idea, thoroughly satisfactory to the topographer, of the Old London Bridge, and in some measure frustrate the oblivion which Mr. COOKE's appropriate motto whispers in the listening ear of contemplation. “Even thou, stately Old London Bridge, (apostrophises this motto,) shalt live only in memory, and the drafts which are now made of thine image!” The present series of such drafts form a unique sort of record, at once pictorial and historical. Here, and here alone, we behold the Bridges, as it were, in a state of mutation or transit: the gradual disappearance of the Old Bridge, and the simultaneous rising of the New one.

According to our custom, we should here have entered upon certain local details concerning the views individually, but that the modest and accurate descriptions which the authors have appended to each subject have—we shall not say, spared us the trouble (since the task would have been pleasing), but—anticipated us, and with probably much more of direct relevance to the engravings than we should have been able to attain. For example, of plate 3, which presents us with a bold and illustrative view of the arch of Old London Bridge called “*Longentry-lock, taken from the Starling at low water,*” Mr. COOKE writes as follows:—

“This curious, and by far the most interesting arch of the old fabric, forms in itself to the antiquary a history of the Bridge, and at once shows its various additions at different periods of time, with the characteristic architecture of each. The centre division is part of the original structure, 15 feet in breadth, erected by PETER of Colechurch, commenced in 1176, and is a fine specimen of the compressed Gothic arch of the style of that period. The ribs, or soffits, correspond with the architecture of the chapel, which was erected immediately adjoining it; and, in fact, the doorway of the crypt of the latter led out on the starling as an entrance from the river at low water. The projection, which is seen at the farther end of the arch, is caused by the circular staircase which led from the door to the crypt. The Tower of London is seen through the arch, and marks the locality of the scene; and the surge, from the effect of the fall, is visible. The height of high water is marked by the stain above the spring of the arch.”

The 6th and 7th plates disclose the interior of the curious little chapel of St. Thomas, which is alluded to above, with the demolition of the chapel-pier; exceedingly interesting, both as pictures and as remains of architectural antiquities. Respecting the chapel:—

“This interesting relic was discovered at the general demolition of the Old Bridge in 1831-2. The present view includes all that was left at the great

repair in 1760, when the rest of the chapel, crypt, &c. was removed; and although so small a portion remains, some idea may be formed of the beauty of this most curious and venerable structure, the dimensions and proportions of which are amply detailed in the historical description accompanying this work."

Concerning the origin and progress of the present publication, and its natural connexion with the artist's beautiful *London and its Vicinity*, a work which we noticed in a former number, our readers may not be displeased to be informed, that "its origin (as is stated by the Messrs. COOKE) was purely incidental. In arranging materials for the illustration of *London and its Vicinity*, the Old Bridge of the metropolis could not be overlooked—interesting as it was from its situation, its commercial consequence, and its influence on the navigation of the most important river in the British empire—combined with its historical associations, the knowledge that its days were numbered, and the time fast approaching when not a vestige would be left to mark the spot it had occupied throughout the long space of seven hundred years. The vast preparations rapidly making for the erection of the grand modern structure, destined to supersede the ancient edifice, also demanded attention; and in watching the progress of the gigantic undertaking, the expediency of a separate and distinct publication, forming a satisfactory memorial of the two bridges, gradually but naturally suggested itself. The numerous and highly interesting points of view which the execution of the New Bridge, the demolition of the Old, and the fine combination of both, afforded, impressed us with the deep conviction of the value and interest of such a work; and from upwards of forty drawings (all made on the spot), the present twelve were selected, as being the most interesting and various."

"For the very valuable matter contained in the historical notices accompanying the work, we are indebted to the flattering approbation of GEORGE RENNIE, Esq.; and we congratulate our subscribers on the opportunity afforded of laying before them, from materials generously furnished by that gentleman, a most satisfactory and original account of both edifices; a short yet comprehensive essay on Bridges, from the earliest period; and a table of the most remarkable Bridges in Europe: which, with many practical and striking observations on the Tides of the River Thames, embody a mass of important information that may be in vain sought for elsewhere." All—and more than all—of which (for there is also a very curious history of the progress of constructing arched apertures, from the earliest ages) Mr. RENNIE has performed with the scientific tact for which the whole family of the RENNIES are justly celebrated, and in very elegant language.





## MODERN POETRY.

*Woman, the Angel of Life. A Poem.* By ROBERT MONTGOMERY.  
1 vol. 8vo. London, 1833.

It is truly awful—we speak it in the seriousness of our heart, to think of the universal poetical propensities of the present day. We have ourselves the honour of being personally acquainted (on the most moderate computation) with at least twenty immortal bards, who have inked their young wings in ladies' albums and county advertisers, and who, with odes in *essc*, and epics in *posse*, take upon them to be melancholy and gentlemanlike on the credit of their future fame. Will our critical eyes, we wonder, be ever again refreshed with the sight of one who has never committed verses to paper? Is there such a being in the world? Oh, if there be, bring him before us, that we may look upon him and be refreshed. Wonder at him, thou world! Wonder at him while he lives; let him be mummified when dead. Let a glass-case in the British Museum be his last resting-place; and be there emblazoned over his head in letters of gold these words,—“*The man who was not a poet.*”

All the mightier masters of the lyre are dead or silent. WORDSWORTH looks down upon Rydal, and the clouds and sunshine chase one another along its hills, or the mountain gusts hiss in white eddies over its dark surface. Its beauties remain unsung. The green holms of Windermere are as lovely as when WILSON first beheld them from Elleray: he, too, is silent; the trade of the critic has unhallowed the ministry of the bard. SOUTHEY, we suppose, is philosophising at Keswick. COLERIDGE writes no *Isabels* now: the book of the magician is sunk—his wand is broken. BYRON! “after life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.” SHELLEY, too, rests beneath a cypress by the pyramid of Caius Cestius; and our ears have hardly ceased to echo with the wail of death’s sad harvest-home, as another rich sheaf in the very ripeness of fame has been gathered to his garner. MOORE has given up poetry, and taken to—versification. CAMPBELL writes doggerel. The orchestra is vacant for the smaller musicians to bustle in; and a good use have they made of the opportunity. The last echo of the organ, the last thrill of the harp, have been drowned in a twanging of trumps and fizzing of wheaten straws, and piping on penny whistles, that might drive criticism mad.

There are two kinds of poetry that the present century has known: the poetry of *thought*, and the poetry of *words*. The latter, of course, has been the most abundant. It is only era by era that there falls to the lot of some gifted one that tongue of fire which speaks the pure, intuitive, unconventional language of the soul. One or two are sufficient to dig from the heart’s recesses the rich bullion that will employ thousands in spinning into wire, or milling into ribands, or beating out into gilding. And how incredibly far, in the hands of one of these neat workmen, will a grain of the rich metal spread! The true poet is, as a Frenchman has said of Napoleon (and it was a beautiful epithet

to throw away on a conqueror)—the true poet is "*un homme fastique*," a name for nations to date by. His thoughts are revelations—a new chapter to the bible of the heart—treasures to be carried in procession to the capitol, where the books of the Sibyls are laid up to immortality. How many of the poets of the present day would dare to put forth their hands to contribute to the heap to which HOMER, and MILTON, and SHAKSPEARE have contributed? Alas! alas! how little of the pure bread of intellect will be left, when time, in the course of another century, shall have boiled out the bran!

Not but that the poetry of words, too, has its place and serves its purpose. We call it the poetry of words, not because it is without originality of thought, but because it depends more upon the happy choice of its epithet, the piquancy of its antithesis, the easy flow of its rhythm, for the quarter or half century of immortality at which it aims. It, too, has its place and serves its purpose. The butterfly of an hour, that flutters over the stream, makes a point in the picture of "this brave world," as well as the swan of a hundred years; and, for our own part, we relish the poetry that is written expressly for ourselves as well as that which is written for our grandchildren. They, too, will have their minstrels of the day, gifted with whatever inspiration may then be in fashion, who will write, and be reviewed, and be praised, and be quoted, and pass on to the grandchildren of that age, to make them wonder, in their turn, how their grandfathers could be so easily amused. To this class does the greater portion of the poetry of the present day, like that indeed of every age, belong. How little of it would bear translation! Melted and recast, how small the quantity of pure gold we should find in the crucible! Now, it is to this very trial, this final assay, that poetry is put by time. Posterity reads it as in a translation. The conventional, the artificial, all the borrowed charms in which that gay *modiste* Fashion has dressed her, are laid aside, and she appears before those who come after us in a simple vestal robe, that bestows no artificial grace and hides no natural deformity. We think there will be some great names omitted when Fame, some hundred years hence, makes up her books for immortality.

But besides these two classes of poets—poets both, though called to different ministrations in the temple of Intellect—we have the whole tribe of versifiers, the innumerable neophytes of the penny-whistle school, each piping to his admiring coterie of maiden aunts and country cousins. Heaven preserve us! look there! and there! and there!—at every corner an uncravatted curly-headed youngster, skirlin' away, as JERDAN would say, for life and death, as if he had the world to himself. He knows not, happy man! that others around him are skirlin' as loud as he, and little imagines the excruciating agonies his sublime discords are inflicting on the tympanums of those who hear. We suppose these creatures must have existed in all ages; but surely, surely they were never so numerous as now. The flies of Egypt were only a nuisance: Moses lifted his rod, and they were a plague. Listen! listen! Buds, butterflies, blossoms—butterflies, blossoms, buds—blossoms, buds, butterflies. Think of such a chime ringing for ever in your ears! It were better to go mad at once. And, look! here and there among them wanders a satirical Mephistopheles-looking demon,

chuckling with malice over his own devilry; and whenever he finds one almost out of breath whose asthmatic wheezings give some hope he is about to stop, the fiend claps him on the head, and whispers in his ear, "exquisite simplicity," "fine sense of the beauties of nature," "true poetry," "future fame," "eloquent imaginings," and fizz—off goes the poor wretch again like a new-oiled spinning-jenny.

But, in sober un-allegorical seriousness—while such things as are now written are written, while such things as are now praised are praised, the poet's part is *silence*. The present stock of fashionable imagery must be worn to very tatters, it must be repeated and repeated till self-love, even self-love, can believe it new no longer. One by one the penny whistles will be huddled in very shame into the pockets of those who are now discoursing such eloquent music to their own delighted ears, and silence will reign over our literary Babel. Then, and not till then, will some poet yet unborn arise, fit to take his place among "the blood royal of life," among the members of that high senate for whom Time has made out the patent of immortality. Poetry of the first order cannot be written now, and would not be appreciated if it were. The temper of his audience is more than half the poet's inspiration. The *improvisatore* who can pour forth in endless profusion the treasures of his imagination when singing the praises of *Italia Bella* among his countrymen, is cold, embarrassed, unimaginative, before an audience of unenthusiastic English. And when the public taste is so debased, or its temper so cool, that those who profess to be its caterers can venture to set before it as celestial food the trash they do without exciting indignation or disgust, it is far, far from being able to appreciate the pure ambrosia of poetry. The very praise which should be reserved for the highest order of poetical creations is lavishly bestowed on the weary inanity of——but we need not mention names—the memory of the reader will suggest a score.

We beg your pardon most sincerely, Mr. MONTGOMERY, for detaining you so long; but our heart was full, and we must have said our say had SHAKESPEARE been waiting for an audience. We have drawn but a bleak picture of the world into which your bantling has been ushered. We cannot help it. It is a true one.

The present poem we are inclined to call a poem upon false pretences. It is called "*Woman, the Angel of Life*" (rather a clap-trap title, by the bye), but a subject, methinks, which, had the poem consisted of thirty cantos in place of three, might have afforded matter for them all. Now, the fact is, that of these cantos *one* only, that is to say, the last, is devoted to the subject which gives title to the whole. In it we have a pleasing moving panorama of woman's life, as a daughter, a sister, beloved, betrothed, married, and a mother—written as a man will write when his feelings go along with his pen. It is full of "studies from nature;" and we would bet this our silver patent Perryan pen-holder to a goose stump, that it alone formed the original poem. In the two first cantos, on the contrary, our author seems to return to his subject but by compulsion, giving a few hasty words to his ladye love, and then hastening away to tell us of DANTE, or BYRON, or CRONBURG, or ELSINORE. It is like Lord NUGENT'S "apropos of bread." The female names that should have emblazoned his text are

merely enumerated in the notes ; while a large portion of the second canto is devoted to full-length sketches of DANTE, PETRARCH, SHAKSPEARE, TASSO, MILTON, KLOPSTOCK, BURNS, and BYRON. What, Sir Knight, is this your allegiance? Has not "Woman, the Angel of Life," a right to complain of you as a careless cavalier, who wears her favour in his cap, and her scarf on his shoulder, while he cares not to shiver a lance in her cause? In consequence of this plan, or rather want of plan, the execution of the poem is extremely irregular. There are, as it were, two poems. Mr. MONTGOMERY the *poet* has written the one; Mr. MONTGOMERY the *author* has written the other. The third canto, and those parts of the other two which have no connexion with the professed subject of the poem, constitute the first; the remainder constitute the second. The one has been written from internal impulse; the other seems as if written "to order," with no higher stimulus than the printer's devil, with his cabalistic, "More copy, Sir." It has, in consequence, all the faults which might be expected in poetry so manufactured. We have an abundance of common-place epithet, "dimpled seas," and "frowning turrets," and "despots' gilden thrones," just as the sea of verse-makers has worn its dimples, and their turrets have frowned, and their despots have sat on their gilden thrones, any time these thousand years. Then we have a good deal of false antithesis: we are told of

"A star enthroned o'er change and time,  
Though meek, unmoved—though soft, sublime;"

And again, man

"—— half almighty, would be more  
Than life can feel, or thought explore."

It is in this use of the antithesis, probably, that the confines of the sublime and the ridiculous approach the nearest. Now, we may be mistaken—we cannot say—we are not good judges on this delicate point of natural history; but, on our critical honour, we think the above is little other than a bull. Then, again, thoughts and phrases and rhymes which have already been distinguished by an introduction in the earlier pages are frequently presenting themselves in the latter—it is almost the only instance in which we dislike the face of an old acquaintance. The "turret bells" go through their chimes twice or thrice. We are told, in one place,

"——— how Nature's smile can bless  
The hearts that love her loneliness."

In another, that

"——— there are chords of happiness  
Whose spirit tones our fancy bless."

Speaking of Queen Caroline Matilda, he describes

"How Denmark's bloom her smile would bless,  
Laid forth in Eden loveliness."

And Adam himself, in Eden, seeks one to live and love and roam with him:

"This lone but gorgeous wilderness  
Of sights that woo and sounds that bless."



Again, we have—

*Primo.* “For love had heated *blood and brain.*”

*Secundo.* “——— felt within electric fire  
Their spirit, *blood, and brain* inspire.”

*Tertio.* “Till passion, in its fiery reign,  
Pours madness over *blood and brain.*”

Somewhat too much, we think, of these blood and brains—unless our author had been writing an ode on a distant prospect of Hungerford Market, or had been making his *début* as Poet Laureate to the Worshipful Corporation of Meat Salesmen. Then, again, we have numerous alliterative abuses; such as, speaking of BYRON—

“The storm, the shadow, and the strife,  
That made and magnified his life.”

Now, this we utterly detest with a most uncompromising detestation. “Look you, man,” as Sir Hugh would say, “it is affectations.”

We now turn to the other poem—the one by Mr. MONTGOMERY the poet. Some of the most striking passages which it contains are to be found in the gallery of the Bards, which, as we have already said, our author has placed in the second canto. He introduces them thus:—

“Impassion’d lords of deathless song!  
To them the lips of Time belong,  
As, fired with their majestic fame,  
From age to age, they sound their name,  
And bid the world enshrine that scene  
Where once a worshipp’d bard hath been,—  
For hallow’d seems his natal spot  
Where thrones are crush’d, and kings forgot!  
And they have earn’d that gorgeous debt  
Of praise, that time is paying yet,  
Who taught us,—though it bore the curse,—  
To love the heaven-born universe,  
And trace, wherever goodness trod,  
The lustre of a living God!

“And glorious is it, when the base  
Would frown upon Heaven’s fairest race,  
To echo into life again  
The music of some master strain;  
And prove, amid the ranks of fame,  
How each who won undying name  
In love’s applauding eye could see  
The ruling star of poetry.

“Then let me from the poet-throng,  
Who hymn’d on earth unearthly song,  
Select some all-surpassing few,  
And, as they rise in proud review,—  
Let him whose spirit ever bow’d  
Before the passion it avow’d;  
Whose bosom hath been thrill’d or shaken  
With dream fulfill’d or hope forsaken,—  
Exult to find his soul hath felt  
A power that could the mightiest melt;

That lent to genius half its glow,  
 That taught eternal song to flow,  
 For fancy plumed the wing of fire,  
 And warm'd the soul of every lyre,—  
 Whose language was the light of thought  
 From love in adoration wrought!"

To select from such a host must have been an embarrassing task. And yet, we must say it, we think our author has been more capricious than need was in the selection. There are two or three names we can hardly forgive him for having omitted. KLOPSTOCK is allowed a niche. Was there none for FRIEDRICH SCHILLER? His *Leonora*, *Amalia*, *Elizabeth*, *Louisa*, *Thekla*, are some of the loveliest creations of poetry; and seldom has a purer heart than SCHILLER'S offered at the shrine of female worth the incense of domestic love. We will say nothing of our favourite ARIOSTO. Had we been in the counsels of MR. MONTGOMERY, we should have begged hard of him to invent an apology for giving the Rubens of poetry a place beside his compeers DANTE, PETRARCH, and TASSO. Of our own poets, we have SHAKSPEARE, MILTON, BURNS, and BYRON. Is there not one name more that should have taken place with these? For our own simple part, we could have been well content if a full half of the space which is devoted to the latter had been employed in scattering a few flowers on the urn of SHELLEY, one of the most angelic minds that ever was fettered with the errors of man.

But we must see what our author has really done. Take the following sickening picture from one of the saddest passages of the melancholy history of genius. Our author is speaking of him whom nature made a bard and Scotland made a gauger.

" Yet who can read the bitter fate,  
 So darkly chill and desolate,  
 That wrapt in clouds the closing day  
 Of him who pour'd as proud a lay  
 As ever rose from Scottish lyre  
 On inspiration's breath of fire!—  
 Nor weep to think that starless night  
 Should blacken round that soul of light!  
 Oh! who can mark his mind's undress,  
 The agony of lone distress,  
 The curse of want that crush'd his brain  
 To frenzy—with a fiercer pain!—  
 Can hear the groan of anguish'd hours,  
 When Misery rallied all her powers,  
 And thoughts like hidden scorpions tore  
 The mind that could no longer soar,  
 But prostrate in its ruin lay  
 A blasted wreck and bleeding prey!—  
 Nor ask for Pity's brightest tear  
 To tremble on his early bier!—  
 Yet, warmly while around him shone  
 The worship that his genius won,  
 Prophetic truth beheld afar  
 The clouds that would conceal his star,  
 And leave him, long ere life should close,  
 To wither in degrading woes!"

Yes ; he whose lines are mottoes now,  
Whose genius veils his country's brow  
With glory, when his stirring lays  
Are greeted with exalting praise,—  
Was fated, like an outcast thing,  
To moulder in dark suffering  
Down to the grave !—with scarce a bed  
To pillow his immortal head !

“ My God ! how little can the great  
Feel the dread curse of blighted fate ;  
Or think that they, whose spirits throw  
Around the world a heav'nly glow,  
Whose bright imaginations seem  
The fragments of a seraph's dream,  
Whose words imparadise their hours,  
And freshen earth with Eden-flowers,—  
The martyrs of the mind have been,  
Or suffer'd more than eye hath seen !  
And, while the theme of Glory's tongue,  
Their homes were wreck'd, their hearts were wrung ;  
And songs that flow'd so gaily free  
Gush'd from a fount of misery !”

There are many passages in this gallery we should wish to quote ; but our readers must peruse it for themselves. The third canto is, as we have already said, our favourite. Mr. MONTGOMERY here writes because he feels, not because his publisher bids him. Here, at least, his Pegasus flies without spurring. To prove it, let our author once more speak for himself. The best criticism is to quote. For the following morning-picture the poet has carried his palette and canvass to the dewy hill-side.

“ And list, from out yon village dell,  
Upon the breeze, in broken swell,  
The goings-on of life begin  
To charm the ear with social din.  
The creak of hill-ascending wain,  
The shout of some exulting swain,  
The watch-dog baying far behind,  
The mill-sounds hoarse upon the wind,  
With voices from the child or crone,—  
Are all in gay confusion thrown !  
And travel on the morning breeze  
With notes whose human echoes please.  
From the thatch'd chimney now have broke  
The tinted wreaths of cottage smoke,—  
Ascending delicately bright,  
And braided by a golden light,  
Like air-wing'd hopes they glide away,  
Commingle with the boundless day !  
And see, amid the straw-roof'd throng  
Of homes that to yon dale belong,—  
As dwelt the patriarch on the plain,  
Surrounded by his pastoral train,—  
A mansion smiles ; whose neater state,  
Though unallied to proud or great,  
A central grace around it throws,  
And o'er each cot a charm bestows.

Embower'd in laurels, green and calm,—  
 To view it yields the eye a balm!  
 But, when at eve its garden hath  
 A lustre on each lily path;  
 When bough, and branch, and grape-hung vine,  
 In rays of pensive beauty shine,  
 With gladsome bee, and quiring bird,  
 And leafy song, are faintly heard,—  
 More lovely than a dream-built dome  
 Appears that hush'd and heavenly home!  
 There often hath the worldling cast  
 A longing eye, ere on he past,  
 And while it wander'd o'er the scene,  
 Mused—Oh! that such my own had been!"

We have dwelt with great pleasure on that expression in the context, where we find it is extremely picturesque: "The goings on of life." It reminds us of the antique.—One more quotation, and we make our bow. It is a sweet picture of woman's first love.

"And thus in virgin solitude,  
 Unbroken by those waters rude  
 Of the rough world, whose waves afar  
 Scarce echo one tempestuous jar,—  
 Queen of the hamlet! years have flown,  
 And still thou art unwooed and lone:  
 Yet time, with magic unconfess'd,  
 Has moulded feelings in thy breast,  
 That now like buried music float  
 With soft and secret under-note;—  
 So delicate, they scarce appear  
 To haunt thy spirit's maiden sphere,  
 But, waken'd once,—and they shall be  
 A soul within a soul to thee!—  
 Emotions of themselves afraid  
 A temple in thy heart have made,  
 Wherein they flutter, like a bird  
 That trembles when a voice is heard!—  
 And fancy loves a Being now  
 Whom shaping words cannot avow,—  
 A Form of fine imaginings  
 To which attracted nature clings.—  
 At length he comes; that nameless one,  
 The eye of dreams had gazed upon!  
 The magic and the mystery  
 Of life had now begun for thee,  
 And thou the type of heaven wilt prove  
 In primal, deep, and deathless love!"

We now, with many good wishes, bid our author good-bye. On the present occasion, there has been imposed on us the duty of pointing out some negligences which he ought to have avoided. We hope that on every successive occasion, when we may have the pleasure of meeting with him, we shall find more to praise and less to blame. In the mean time, that our next meeting may be the sooner and the more mutually agreeable, one unfeigned advice before we part:—*Never spoil a good thing for the sake of writing it up to the consistence of three cantos.*



*Extracts from the Information received by his Majesty's Commissioners, as to the Administration of the Poor Laws, &c.* (Continued from our last Number.)

*A Letter to D. O. P. OKEDON, Esq.; with an Inquiry into the Merits of his Poor-Law Report.* By the Rev. H. F. YEATMAN. 8vo. Sherborne. Pp. 88.

IN the last number of this work we entered upon an examination of this book, and, in the mere office of detecting contradictions, we occupied no less than a sixth of one number of our Magazine, and yet had gone no farther than a third part of the way through this work of contradictions. To resume the task, under the intention of going all through in the same way, is not what we intend; our readers would not forgive such a waste of *their* time, if we could afford such a waste of our own; but a little farther we may as well go, and accordingly, if we now take up the book of Extracts at the place where we left off, and pursue it into the middle, we shall be doing justice to the Commissioners, the poor and poor-laws, and to our readers; for, what the half is, the whole may be inferred to be; and, if we show, in the report of every one of the Commissioners whose reports we touch upon, a strong leaning to one side—a biassed mind, in short; and, if we show that, in every report, there is contradiction or manifest untruth, do we not show good reason for rejecting the counsel that may be founded on such reports? And, as we believe that it is intended to found certain recommendations on them—recommendations which, if carried into effect, will greatly alter the laws under which Englishmen have lived for ages, and under which England has been industrious, rich, powerful, and happy; as we think this, and think that there is great risk of making a revengeful and wicked people by the adopting of those recommendations, it is our object to expose the evident partiality, the untruth, and the folly contained in this book, in order that it may be rendered ineffectual.

It will be observed, that the chief object of the Commissioners is to prove that the distresses of the country arise from the circumstance of *able-bodied* men being provided with the means of living without their earning those means by any labour; and, according to the 43rd of Elizabeth, parish-officers are compelled either to find men, whether able-bodied or not, work, or food without work. Various attempts have been made to put an end to this, which has, since the war paper-money began to produce its effects, been severely felt, at sometimes more and at sometimes less, in a truly frightful increase of poor-rates. From its being held to be a sure sign of national prosperity and good government that the population of a country was increasing, we, in about the year 1804, first found out that population was a curse, that it was "eating up the land," that it was necessary to pull down the labourers' cottages, to refrain from bringing labourers into one's parish, to deprecate marriage, to do every thing to discourage and to prevent an increase of the people. We have gone on in this way for years, and we have had these remarkable things all existing at the same time: too many people for our space of land—too much food for our number of mouths—more land than is well cultivated—more money than the pos-

sessors have known what to do with; and the consequence of the superabundance of all these has been a constant state of discontent and distress, assuming at times the shape of convulsive revolution. In the midst of this (for we are in it still), it is maintained by some persons that the poor-laws are the cause of the misery of the labouring people; that encouragement is given to the idle, profligate, and rioters, in the shape of scanty parish-pay to able-bodied men; and that, this done away with, all would be comparatively contented and prosperous. These people never answer the fact, that the custom of relieving the able-bodied in money, with work or without work, has been in use ever since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, without producing these effects till within these thirty years! They blink it entirely; they pass it over as if it had never occurred to them, and rush on for an alteration in this law as the first and indispensable measure. Now, we wish to see this answered first; for, until that be done, the *causes* of the "radical vice of the system" (as these Commissioners call it) are not laid open to us, and the country is called upon to see a remedy applied when the causes of the disease are not found out.

We left off in our last Number with Mr. CAMERON's Report, which brought us to page 85 of the book. Page 86 begins the Report of the Rev. H. JESTON, who, it seems, had been applied to for information concerning his own parish of Cholesbury, Bucks; it being understood that that parish had recently obtained a rate in aid, and was therefore a good subject for inquiry. The Commissioners applied to Mr. JESTON, rector of the parish, for an account of the state of the parish, and of the causes to which that state might be attributed. He writes two letters to the Commissioners, one dated January 1833, and the other February 1833; and in these letters we have the clearest possible evidence of the miserable and decaying state of agriculture that can be imagined, but in them we have proof that it cannot be the fault of the poor-laws. We will give one of them as it appears in the book, p. 86:—

"TO THE SECRETARY TO THE POOR-LAW COMMISSIONERS.

*"Cholesbury, January 4, 1833.*

"SIR,—My connexion with the parish commenced early in November 1830, previously to which I had no personal knowledge of it, nor any acquaintance with its neighbourhood. I can find no other documents, connected with the parish, than the accounts of the different overseers from 1820 to the present time. These accounts, down to 1829, are most confused; partly from the illiterate character of the parish officers, and in other part from the very advanced age and infirmities of my predecessor having prevented him from interfering with the parish concerns.

"The amount, as specified in the parish books, apparently disbursed from 1820 to 1829, appears to be greater than is shown by the parliamentary returns, of which you sent me extracts; though possibly this may arise from items being brought into the accounts of each year, belonging to the previous year. It is probable the sums stated in the parliamentary returns are correct, for they were given in by persons who must have best understood the accounts.

"I am informed by the very oldest of my parishioners, that, *sixty years* ago, there was but *one person who received parish relief*; but it should seem that the parish, for many years past, has been an overburdened one; though, within the last year, the burdens have much increased *by the land going out of cultivation*, and the whole population being thrown upon the poor-rates. In fact,

for some years, I understand the land was let only by means of the proprietors consenting to become guarantee to the tenant against more than a certain amount of parochial burdens, all above that amount to be considered in lieu of rent. At the present moment, some of the proprietors, in answer to communications from me upon parish affairs, have confessed an intention to abandon altogether their property in the parish, rather than give themselves further trouble about it, from their actually having lost money by it, the rates having more than swallowed up the rents.

"About October last, the parish officers *not being able to collect any more funds*, threw up their books, and from that time their duties have fallen upon myself; for the poor, left without any means of maintenance, assembled in a body at my door, whilst I was in bed, and applied to me for advice and food.

"My income being under £140 a year, rendered my means of relief small; but my duty was to keep them from starving, and I accordingly commenced supporting them by daily allowances of bread, potatoes, and soup. In the mean time I made several, as many as eight or ten, journeys to the magistrates at petty and special sessions, in company with the parish officers, and, after a delay of three weeks, succeeded in obtaining a '*rate in aid*' for £50 on Drayton, an adjoining parish. These journeys, eight, ten, and fourteen miles each, the parish officers were compelled to perform on foot; and I must have done the same, but for the loan of a friend's horse.

"Before the £50 was obtained, the great distress of the parish and my exertions in its behalf becoming known, donations to the amount of £64 was sent me unsolicited, from the neighbouring families, for the use of the poor, and to indemnify myself from the expenses I had been at; among the latter was one of £20 from the Countess of Bridgewater.

"The present state of the parish is this: the *land* almost wholly abandoned (sixteen acres only, including cottage-gardens, being now in cultivation); the poor thrown only upon the rates, and set to work upon the roads and gravel-pits, and paid for this unprofitable labour at the expense of another parish! I have given up a small portion of the glebe (the rest is abandoned on account of the rates assessed on it) to the parish officers, rent free, for the use of the poor, on condition that spade-husbandry only be made use of, and the work done by married men with large families; but the employment this can afford must be of short continuance. The £50 will be expended in less than two weeks; and I have apprised the magistrates of the hundred, that I shall be compelled to apply on Monday the 14th instant, at the petty sessions, for another '*rate in aid*.'

"I need not say, this precarious mode of maintenance for the poor is most lamentable in every respect. It is most injurious both to their comforts and to their morals: for it reduces, of necessity, their weekly allowance to the lowest possible pittance; and it throws them, whilst under excitement from real suffering, in a body on the useless labour (or rather idleness) on the roads, with no one but myself to superintend them. This is a source of great anxiety to me, and a state of demoralisation to them, from which, for their sakes, I earnestly hope some steps may be taken to relieve them. At present I confess I see no prospect of permanently bettering their condition; and it is to be feared this parish must continue dependent for support on the parishes in the hundred, by means of rates in aid; for there appears no probability of the land being reoccupied, and the longer it remains uncultivated, the greater will be the difficulty and expense of re-cultivation, and the less the produce; whilst the wants of the parish will be increasing. The able-bodied poor and the boys are, I have just observed, deteriorating physically and morally by reason of the want of useful and productive employment, and of their receiving parish allowance, without any chance of bettering themselves by any exertion or good conduct.

"Perhaps, situated as Cholesbury now is, if the common (containing forty-four acres of good land) were enclosed, under some such act and for such purposes

as was contemplated last Session, and if a workhouse were built, the evil under which it now suffers might be alleviated. But so long as it continues a parish of its present small extent with its present number of poor, the property must be an incumbrance to the proprietor; for he can expect no rent, the rates assessed upon the land far exceeding its value, amounting, as they last year have done, to more than 32s. in the pound on the rack-rent.

"My experience in parochial affairs is very limited, not having had any thing to do with their administration previously to coming to Cholesbury, in November 1830; so that my suggestions must be received with much allowance, and I hope to be excused for offering so little assistance.

"I have the honour to remain, Sir, &c.

(Signed)

"HENRY R. JESTON."

According to the population returns, the parish of Cholesbury has not had any visible increase since the year 1801, thirty years and upwards ago. It stands thus in the last return:

1801.	1811.	1821.	1831.
122	114	113	127

But by an account of every family in the parish which Mr. JESTON gives at the end of his letter, it seems that the present number of inhabitants is 139, including himself, wife, two children and a servant, who are new comers in the parish. Here, then, is a whole parish, consisting of 2,000 acres, gone out of cultivation entirely, excepting sixteen acres, and which sixteen include the gardens of houses and cottages!—the land deserted by both owners and occupiers, and the people who tilled it, working, or, as the rector justly says, idling upon the roads, and paid for doing so by the compulsory tribute of other parishes and the spontaneous gifts of gentry of the neighbourhood! This is a truly horrible picture, and whatever has been the cause of this is an abomination indeed. If this be the natural result of poor-laws, we could abuse poor-laws with the roving Commissioners with all our might; and, be it what it may, it is an abominable curse: it is something which makes the land sterile and the people profligate.

But here is a parish, which, sixty years ago, had only *one* pauper in it; which, in the next thirty years, is found to consist of 122 persons altogether; which, in another thirty, having increased in population to 139, has not an inhabitant save 35 that is not a pauper; a parish which consists of 2,000 acres of land all gone out of cultivation, a common of 40 acres of good land that has never been brought into cultivation, and whose whole labouring people are now working on the roads paid by other parishes. Why was not this the state of Cholesbury sixty years ago? The poor-laws were then in force, and had been in force for 170 years! There is now abundant work for the people of this parish on the land that it contains. This is stated in a subsequent letter from Mr. JESTON. There is, too, a common of forty-two acres that, he remarks, might be inclosed; though the policy of doing so, while the other parts of the parish are gone out of cultivation for want of labour, is not evident. However, there are all these means of employing the people, and yet they are not employed. There are not too many, either, for properly cultivating such a piece of land; for, in an account which Mr. JESTON gives of every individual in the parish, we find them to be, of men, women, and children, of all descriptions, 139.



Of this number there are only 28 able-bodied male farm labourers, the rest being either otherwise employed, or being women or little children, or old and infirm people. This may be the usual proportion out of such a number of people, of able-bodied men above the age of 15 calculated for farm-work; and we leave it to any man, who knows any thing of the matter, to judge if this 28 men are more than is enough to cultivate the 2,000 acres of which this parish consists. It is at the rate of 70 acres to each able man. But the proof that this is not too great a number is found in this fact, that a part of the present population of Cholesbury consists of persons who have no settlement in the parish, who do not belong to it, but who live in it and receive relief from their own parishes. The statement is, "Parishioners not receiving relief, 35; parishioners receiving relief, 66; *inhabitants receiving relief from their own parishes*, 38." And, of these last, eight are able-bodied male labourers. If these were not heretofore wanted in the parish of Cholesbury, how came they there? The fact of their being there is proof that they were wanted there; and, indeed, the fact of there being now (common included) 70 acres of ground to every able man, is a proof that more than the hands belonging to Cholesbury were wanted in the parish.

The notion of the Poor-law Commissioners seems to be, that the land pays more to the labourers than it did, and that, therefore, they are "eating up the land." The fact, is, the land pays much less than it did to the labourers; it now pays them a scanty subsistence where it formerly paid them a comfortable maintenance, with which they could afford to eat and drink and dress well, and lodge in a comfortable manner; and the miserable work of *making up wages* out of the poor-book, and of employing upon the roads, or of paying without employing at all, is only the excuse for not paying so much as is the labourer's due. The farmers cannot employ so many men as their land requires, for they cannot pay them; but those that the farmers cannot employ are, by the political economists, called "superabundant population;" whereas they are no such thing: they are hands thrown out of work, because the means which ought to be in the farmer's hands wherewith to employ them are taken out of their hands to be given to others; the land stands in need of them, it produces the less because they are standing idle, and, of course, the keeping of them idle aggravates the evil in which it originates, because eat and drink they must, and this they now do out of the earnings of the few who are still in work. The first result is, either the going out of cultivation of a part of the land, or the whole being worse cultivated, and, in either way, producing less food. But, still the same eating goes on. All must be fed. This brings on a pinching in quantity of food, and the unemployed man, the man in the pound, is compelled to live idle, but upon less; but as that less does not keep proportion to the diminution of food owing to the want of his exertions, as no labouring man eats so much as he earns, the decrease in production is progressive, and year by year the land produces less food, and year by year the people that the farmers can afford to employ on it get less and less; and there seems no reason why it should not go on in this way till all who cannot live upon the hedge-picks and the sparrows, and other native and spontaneous productions,

will be so much "redundant population." And, indeed, if the cry of "superabundant population" do not quickly have an end; if it is to be the policy of the landowners and the Government, to back the inferior occupiers and officers in getting rid of what they deem superabundance of people, it will lead us on till the country becomes a barren unproductive land. Already we see symptoms of it in many places; already the plough has stopped, leaving only its indelible marks to show us that we have become poorer than we were.

There is a Mr. OKEDON, one of the roving Commissioners, whose share of the book published by authority begins at p. 96, and who is a magistrate of Dorsetshire, and one of two who own the whole of the parish of More Crichel in that county. This gentleman is a thorough economist, an enemy to poor-laws *sans égal*; he sees worse than a second deluge in them, and he has given some most curious information. But, with his general report we will not meddle, for here we must beg the reader to read a pamphlet written by the Rev. H. YEATMAN, a magistrate of Dorsetshire, who has taken up the cudgels with Mr. OKEDON and has made an exposure such as is enough to blast the character of a less suspicious book than the one that we have under consideration. He has shown the partiality and the shameful misrepresentations of these Commissioners in a manner that no one but such as had access to the local information of parishes could do; and, be the motives of Mr. YEATMAN what they may, he has done great service in exposing this report. Mr. OKEDON lauds himself by implication for a superior state of his own parish. He modestly says (p. 111), "I have selected More Crichel, Dorset, as an instance of a small parish as well managed with regard to its poor concerns as the poor-laws will allow, and where magisterial interference is unknown." He never once answers the question of the principal Commissioners, "What is the number of labourers sufficient for the proper cultivation of the land?" But he gives an account of this parish of More Crichel in this manner:—First, he says that it contains 1,860 acres of land, and a population of 304 persons, of whom "25 are men and 10 boys capable of field and barn work, which are quite sufficient for the labour of the parish, with the women to weed." In his general observations, he says (p. 103), "The property being only in two hands, a regular system has been practised for above 30 years, and no increase of cottages allowed above the requisite habitation required for the sufficiency of labourers of the parish." This sufficiency, then, is 35 men and boys; that is to say, something more than 53 acres to every one. But, in the very same page with the assertion that these are sufficient, Mr. OKEDON says, "There are never any men out of employ: indeed, for road-work, or draining, or any extra job, application for labour is made to the neighbouring parishes, which abound in superfluous labour!" So that, if it were not for the superfluity of other parishes, More Crichel would go without road-work, draining, and the performance of the extra jobs; and this would be proper cultivation! The fact is evident, that here is a scanty population, and that if all other parishes could have imitated the example of More Crichel for the last thirty years, the country would have been on the march towards sterility; but, luckily, that same Providence which so ordered Mr. OKEDON's brains, that he should not be

able to know that More Crichel *could* do as it has done, only because the other parishes did not do the same, has ordained a set of laws which we call the "nature of things," and which have prevented the mischief which his economy might otherwise have brought on us. "No increase of cottages allowed:" why, then, there had been attempts to build, and refusal of permission. Then, does it follow that there was a house the less in the country? No: the house was built in the adjoining parish, to be sure; and, therefore, the other parishes "abound in superfluous labour;" for what was kept by *force* out of More Crichel, distributed itself a little wider than it would otherwise have done; and, though the disasters of More Crichel were, by this means, postponed, those of the country at large were by that much quickened. More Crichel has, by peculiar circumstances, made itself *extra parochial*; it is a judiciously-managed estate; but, let the prevalent distress go on increasing, and let there be such a parish as Cholesbury in its neighbourhood, and the "rate in aid" would soon teach it the inefficiency of blocking out the people from its territory.

Mr. OKEDON's Report complains bitterly of the *make-up system* and the *allowance system*; he finds them to be "*complete*" in most of the districts that he reports on, and he invariably finds that they would be resisted by the hired overseers, but for the commands of the magistrates, whose bowels of compassion seem to have survived those of the overseers and economists. He inveighs most bitterly against these systems, against "magisterial interference," and against the "right" to relief; and the whole drift of this man, as of the whole of his fellow-labourers, is, to have the able-bodied men refused relief peremptorily. This has been proposed to the Parliament, but the farmers themselves protested against it; they had practical experience and sense enough to know that the people must live *somehow*; they knew them, knew that all they wanted was to work and be paid for it; and they knew that to refuse them the one because they were unable to give them the other, would either drive them to starvation or to rapine. But it seems by Mr. YEATMAN's pamphlet that this was actually proposed to the magistrates of Dorsetshire by Mr. OKEDON himself, and that they rejected the proposal, putting it to him if he was prepared to see the people starve by the road-side (see Mr. YEATMAN's pamphlet, p. 16). Mr. OKEDON has published a reply to this pamphlet, and, as he complains of misstatement of his answer to this question, and gives his own version of it, we will quote him in preference to his adversary. He relates what occurred at the meeting of magistrates thus:—"I protested against that baneful curse, the relief of able-bodied men, in employ, from the poor-book, for the purpose of making up low wages. I was asked by Sir JOHN SMITH, or yourself, I forget which, whether I was prepared, then, to see the men and their families die by the road-side. I answered, 'That question it is somewhat difficult to reply to. I say yes,—but that extremity never can happen; for, on the refusal of parish relief, wages would immediately rise—and if they did not do so *immediately*, private charity would step in to prevent so dreadful a catastrophe.'" (See OKEDON's *Letter to the Rev. H. YEATMAN*, p. 6.) These are the words acknowledged by Mr. OKEDON; and now we will give the very suitable and complete answer

of Mr. YEATMAN, which we find in the rejoinder of that gentleman, page 7. After transcribing what we have inserted above, he says: "Now, how is the matter altered, modified, and amended by the addition of these qualifying words? Here is the doctrine promulgated, as stated by me in my 'Inquiry,' page 11, 'that no relief whatever ought to be afforded to the able-bodied man, and that, if he and his family could not subsist upon their wages, they might lie down and die by the road-side'—with only the mere contingency of a probable rise of wages, or of the casual application of the cold hand of charity to save them from destruction! Is there a reasonable or an impartial man alive, who will say that the two propositions are not absolutely the same in their essence and true meaning; and that, even if these qualifying words were suggested, the effect of the doctrine advocated by you, Sir, would not be the same? But let us look a little at these alternative measures in store for the starving paupers of England, when the poor-laws shall be abolished! First, as to a rise of wages. In parishes where the population exceeds the demand for labour, such an increase of wages could not take place, from the nature of things, without a decrease of capital; being the very evil which this poor-law relief, if continued, would occasion, and to prevent which, this relief is proposed to be discontinued. Nor would the rate-payers of this kingdom be more willing to accede to an *advance of wages*, than to submit to the payment of poor-rates to the able-bodied pauper."

Mr. OKEDON is, then, prepared to see the labourers lie down and starve, only he knows that it cannot happen. Look at Ireland! It has happened in hundreds upon hundreds of instances in that country; and the charity of that country, and of this one called to its aid, scarcely prevents it from happening to a great extent every year. But have we not instances of it in our own country too? Have we not frequently found instances recorded of "death from starvation?" But, even suppose that the extremity has never happened, does this humane Commissioner know what even its approach must be? Can he think of its approach, and the possible absence of the hand of "private charity," without shrinking back from his horrible proposition? And why not have some certain and legal means of preventing this possibility, as well as rest upon that which must be uncertain? Either way, there must be money or food given; either way, it must be a sufficiency to support life; and, as it is amply proved that what is now given under the law is not more than enough, why not let that little be still given under the law? Indeed, this is made clearly the practical experience of the parish of Cholesbury. For, there, where the parish has become a desert, and its people wanderers, the rector finds that his "duty was to keep them from starving." He begins by supporting them at his own expense, he obtains a rate in aid from other parishes, and considerable subscriptions are sent to him from neighbours. Here the overseers could not *collect the rates*, and, of course, could not pay them; here, then, was the effect of denying relief to the able-bodied: the choice lay between conciliation and open war! and the sensible rector did not hesitate to adopt the former. Still the condition of the parish was not mended; the people had to be employed; but, instead of the



money raised by rates in aid, and by private charity being employed in paying them wages for working upon the land, keeping it in tilth and making it produce food, we have them working, or, as the rector says, idling upon the roads, himself their task-master! What do we want more than this to prove the folly of railing against even the *making-up-of-wages system*? Is it not better that the same money should go towards making the labourer work in the fields, than work on the roads? And is it not evident that the making up of wages is the only way, under the circumstances of the country, to secure this object? It is making the shopkeepers, traders, publicans, and persons engaged in handicraft, pay a part of the expenses of cultivating the land. It is not just; but it is as just as the making them pay the same money for smoothing the roads, and it is infinitely more wise. The one secures us food, at any rate; but the other only secures us roads.

Mr. OKEDON's Report, so far as it relates to Dorsetshire, has been so well handled by Mr. YEATMAN, that we shall not trouble ourselves further with it than to point out the singular accordance of two passages contained in it, and which shows the "economist" thoroughly. He says (p. 111 of the Poor-law Commissioners' book), "In the whole of the district that fell under my care, I do not hesitate to pronounce a *decided opinion*, that the poor of boroughs, where little or no *magisterial interference* takes place, are superior in *moral character and appearance* to the majority of country parishes. I HAVE INSTANCED POOLE; I could support it by the cases of Bridport, Devizes, and Marlborough."

This would be a staggering fact, indeed, if it could be made out; because our prejudices, at least, have always been in favour of the supposition that towns were not the places of the strictest morality; and, therefore, if they should have become so, and that from the withdrawing of "*magisterial interference*," it would be making out the case for that scheme which the Commissioners broach in p. 421 of this book, and which we quoted in our last Number. But, on turning to the page (105) in which Mr. OKEDON has cited Poole, we find so odd an eulogy (for, putting it in juxta-position with page 111, it is an eulogy,) on the town of Poole, and especially when we consider that it is made in a report addressed to grave Bishops as well as economists, that we can scarcely believe in the sobriety of Mr. OKEDON. This is it, however: "There are twenty-five bastards supported by the parish at 1s. 6d. per week. The fathers are generally strange sailors, who get away. I think this is a small number of bastards in proportion to the population, and may be accounted for by the *abundance of prostitutes at Poole!*" It really would seem from this, that there is no crime in the eyes of an economist so great, no immorality so heinous, as that of asking for parish aid; their philosophy seems to have blinded them to every thing else; it seems to have become a phrenzy reconciling them almost to open robbery in preference to the established right of the workers to live out of the fruits of their work. What else could make this one announce to the Bishops and their fellow Commissioners, with a seeming satisfaction, the superior condition of the town of Poole in such words?

In the Report of the Rev. H. BISHOP for Oxfordshire, in that of Mr. POWER for Cambridgeshire, in Mr. STUART's for Suffolk, in that of Mr. VILLIERS for Warwickshire, Worcestershire and Devonshire, which lead us into the middle of the book, we find the same hue-and-cry for *Police*, for an alteration in the *magistrate's jurisdiction* over overseers, for the doing away with that part of the poor-law which gives *relief to the able-bodied*, and for the making of a law to rate the landlords and not the *occupiers of small tenements*; but we also find, with very little exception, the same slavish partiality, the same demoniac enthusiasm against the "right to relief," and as invariably we find slipping out, that the diminished means of the farmers prevents their employing so many men as is requisite to cultivate the land properly. We find land gone out, or going out, of cultivation every where; and yet we never once find this attributed to the circumstance, that whereas the whole country had to pay, in taxes of every description, not quite *fourteen millions* in the year 1773, when the oldest of Mr. JESTON's parishioners tells him that there was but one pauper in the parish of Cholesbury; and that in the year 1833, when every inch of land in that parish, save sixteen, is given up to weeds, and all its hands are smoothing the roads, the country has to pay within a trifle of *fifty millions* of taxes into the hands of its Government; we never find these Commissioners, even when almost goaded to the point by what they hear, frankly own that they find the people not too numerous, and receiving no more than they used to receive, but that, still, *more is taken* from the soil; so much more, that the cultivators of it have not the means of employing the people, that these immediately become idlers and pensioners, and end by being apparently the cause of that misery and sterility of which they are only the first victims.

---

*The House-Tax defended, and the Cause of the Working Classes advocated: with General Observations on Taxation and Political Economy.* By JOHN VOLCKMAN. Pamphlet, 8vo. London, 1833.

It is too much the habit of persons, in whatever situation of life, to strive at obtaining exclusive advantages for themselves; and for bodies of persons to endeavour to procure them for the classes to which they belong. Thus the general interest of the community is disregarded in the anxiety for the particular advantage of the few. No such ungenerous and illiberal sentiments characterise the arguments adduced by Mr. VOLCKMAN. On the contrary, he advocates the cause of the many, unbiassed by the prejudices of the class to which he belongs, and, as far as we are able to judge from the perusal of his work, he entertains sentiments which are not less indicative of the goodness of his heart, than of the independence of his character. If there are some points of opinion in which we are disposed to differ from him, we will not quarrel with Mr. VOLCKMAN about comparative trifles:

---

*non ego paucis  
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura.*

Our author, after stating, that "taxation is now pressing so heavily upon the people of England, that it is universally admitted some relief must be granted," proceeds to ask the question, "what are the taxes that should be taken off?" And in this part of his work he displays much good sense and feeling:—

"In considering," says he, "a subject of such vast importance, we should permit no selfish motives to bias our opinion, but our first and grand object should be to ascertain who are the persons to whom relief should be afforded, and to endeavour to obtain it for them with the least possible delay. I contend that justice and humanity, as well as policy, demand that the reduction should take place in those taxes that press upon the poor; for by this means no class would be excluded from relief, for the middle and upper classes use the articles I would exempt from taxation; consequently, they will be equally benefited with the poor, and the poor will at once obtain the benefit in the most direct way, and not in that doubtful and circuitous manner in which the repeal of the house-tax is expected to impart it. This they have a right to expect; but their hopes are not much encouraged by what they see passing around them; for they cannot but observe that the clamour of their richer neighbours is chiefly of a selfish character; for if the poor are at all to be relieved, it is, forsooth, to be indirectly, through the extinction of the house and window-taxes, imposts which they do not pay, and the repeal of which would bring them no relief. The policy of granting immediate relief is so apparent, that, leaving justice and humanity entirely out of the question, policy alone should induce its adoption: for the middle classes would not only obtain equal benefits with the poor, but to a much greater extent; for if the poor were better off, less poor's rate would be required; they would become better customers to tradesmen, a greater demand would be made for our manufactures, which would give the poor an opportunity of making those extra goods which they would in that case get at and consume."

If we pause here a moment to inquire into the necessity of taxation, we shall find that taxes are required for the purpose of defraying the necessary expenses of Government, in protecting the aggregate wealth of the nation against foreign aggression, and the individual property of each member of the community, against the invasion of it by any other member of the same community. We are here speaking merely of the principle of taxation, and not of its present amount. Taxes therefore ought to be regarded as a premium paid to Government for the protection of property, exactly in the same way that premiums are paid to assurance offices for the insurance of property against fire; and, to be just, they ought to be borne by each individual in proportion to the property by him enjoyed in the State. For what should we think, for instance, of an assurance company requiring as great a premium for insuring a poor man's cottage as the mansion of a nobleman?

In this view of the question, we agree, in principle, with the writer of the pamphlet, that an impartial house-tax is not the most objectionable of the taxes now levied: for it is, *pro tanto*, a tax on property. But it is its gross impartiality that has rendered it so hateful to the people, and induced them to call so loudly for its repeal. "The inequality of its bearing ought to be searched into and reformed," and then many of the other taxes which now fall more heavily upon the poor might be more beneficially, and (upon the principle that property, and not poverty, ought to be the subject of taxation) more justly repealed. Indeed Mr. VOLCKMAN goes on to say, "Upon this principle, perhaps, the house-

tax might be increased, on account of its being a good means of access to the pockets of the rich"—upon the assumption, of course, that other taxes would be abolished to the same or a greater amount; for in another place he adds, "I am only favourable to its continuance inasmuch as it will render it less difficult to take off taxes that affect and oppress the poor."

It is a matter of regret that the author has encumbered his pages with notices of the visionary absurdities of Mr. OWEN, whose theory he admits to have "one insurmountable objection, namely, its impracticability," and its "being incompatible with the character of mankind." Notwithstanding this admission, however, we have frequent allusions to Mr. OWEN and his plans.

"There is also employment of a very innocent nature, which produces no good. A baker, for instance, residing and carrying on his business at A, not unfrequently supplies with bread the people living at B, at a distance of five or six miles; while a baker at B carries an equal quantity of the same article to A. Now, if Mr. OWEN had two large establishments at a similar distance, he would take care that the bread manufactured at A should be consumed there."

This plan, no doubt, would be very good, provided men were without passions, prejudice, predilection, taste, judgment; were unswayed by interest, affection, hatred, or rivalry; and, in short, were just any thing but what they are. Must an individual, living in a particular parish, take his bread from the baker of the same parish, while the baker of the adjoining parish may probably be in his debt, and from whom he cannot obtain a liquidation of his claim but by taking it out in bread? Is not a man to deal with a relative or a friend in preference to a stranger? Or is a tradesman, on the other hand, to furnish goods *bon gré mal gré*, to a contentious needy man, who, he may from experience know, will not pay him, but who might obtain credit from a tradesman in the adjoining parish willing to give him credit? In fact, such a plan, even if it were possible to put it into execution, would tend to destroy fair competition, to put the dishonest and ignorant upon a level with the fair-dealing and skilful tradesman, and to create monopoly and a thousand other inconveniences.

We have much greater pleasure in noticing the following remark of Mr. VOLCKMAN, which must meet with general approbation, and with which we must close our observations on this publication.

"And yet, if the public were only to take an enlightened view of the subject, they would, in the spirit of sound policy, request its (the house-tax's) continuance, but at the same time urging the Government to prove their determination of adopting the strictest economy, by lopping off all unnecessary expense, in order that the poor may be relieved from taxation and be enabled to spend more money in the purchase of goods, causing a demand which will at the same time make a demand for the labour of the poor, and who, thank God, notwithstanding all that is said against them, are willing to work by hand or machinery, upon the fair and honest terms of receiving an humble share of the produce of their labour."



## EVENTS OF THE MONTH, &amp;c.

*June 26th.*—The Commons were engaged yesterday evening upon the Irish Church Temporalities Bill.—Mr. BUCKINGHAM withdrew his motion for the abolition of flogging in the army and navy, Mr. ELLICE stating that Government had prepared a resolution to the effect that the infliction of corporal punishment should be restricted within the most confined limits consistent with the maintenance of discipline. What is meant by this? Does Mr. ELLICE mean to say that *heretofore* the punishment was greater than was necessary?

*27th.*—The "Jews Disabilities Bill" went through Committee yesterday in the Commons, after several unsuccessful attempts on the part of Sir R. INGLIS, Sir C. BURRELL, and other honourable members, to cause it to be deferred.

*28th.*—At the morning sitting of the Commons yesterday, Mr. COBBETT presented a petition from the members of the Camberwell and Walworth Political Union, complaining that the police had been sent amongst them as spies. They in particular complained that a policeman named *William Popay* had been so employed. Mr. COBBETT gave notice of a motion for a Select Committee to inquire into the allegations of the petition.

*29th.*—At the early sitting of the Commons yesterday, Sir HENRY PARNELL presented a petition from 200 Newsvenders, complaining of the injury to their trade arising from privileges given to Post-office clerks and others to deal in newspapers. Lord ALTHORP replied, that these privileges were in lieu of *salaries*. Thus it is with every thing belonging to this Government. "From every spot we press upon," as the *Times* said some time ago, "there spouts forth the evidence of corruption." In the 6th vol. page 203 of HUME, there is an account of some pretty tricks played by Post-office clerks, who even went so far as to exercise the right of *franking letters*.—In the evening, the House resolved itself into Committee on the Bank Charter question. Lord ALTHORP maintained that the evidence obtained by the Committee of last Session was quite sufficient to enable the House to judge of the propriety of renewing the Charter. Sir HENRY PARNELL, on the contrary, declared his opinion (as a member of the Committee of last Session) that the whole of its evidence was *ex-parte* and one-sided. The character of the witnesses was sufficient as to the evidence which might be expected from them, it being impossible it could be otherwise than *ex-parte*. He was prepared with witnesses to prove the injurious operation of the Bank monopoly; but he was told it was too late a period of the Session, and that *the examination should be postponed till next year*. He, therefore, was obliged to yield, particularly as his noble friend (ALTHORP) told him the inquiry would be renewed during the present Session. If he had been a member of the House at the beginning of the Session, when his noble friend announced his determination *not* to renew the inquiry, he would most certainly have reminded him of his promise,

and insisted on going on with the examination of witnesses for and against the Bank monopoly. POPE speaks of a woman

“ ——— who owns her faults but never mends,  
Because she's *honest* and the best of friends.”

It is under some such protection as this that the noble Chancellor of the Exchequer seems to take shelter; but we fear it will not serve him much longer.

*July 1st.*—In a very short time the Ministers will be totally friendless: the *Times*, “seeing the ground slipping from under their feet,” has been for some time making preparations to quit them. To-day, the *Chronicle*, in allusion to the excuses made by Lord ALTHORP for the shameful practices at the Post-office, says, that the people “construe these *paltering* apologies into laxity of principle, an indifference to right and wrong.” The *Chronicle*, itself, calls the apologies *paltering*; and to what else but “laxity of principle” can the people ascribe that which is paltering? Really the *enemies* of these Ministers will, if they have a spark of generosity in them, treat them with more forbearance than they have lately shown; for the treatment they experience at the hands of their *friends* makes them objects of compassion to generous minds.

2nd.—The proceedings in the *Temple of Babble*, last night, exhibit the actors there in their true light. When they come to talk of the practical effects of their measures, they very soon discover the impossibility of any material departure from the course they are in without endangering the whole system. To hear Sir R. PEEL exposing the absurdities of Lord ALTHORP would make one laugh—

“If any mirth at such a time could be.”

Lord ALTHORP is quite right in resorting to the legal tender, if he wish to guard against the certain consequences of the next *panic* being allowed to take place without that precaution. On the other hand, those are right, also, who tell him that the effect of his legal tender will be to speedily bring back the ones and twos. No one has yet told him of another consequence which will assuredly follow, namely, *two prices*, the first time any public event shall occur to shake confidence in the paper. What all parties want is, to uphold and strengthen the present system; and that is precisely the thing they cannot accomplish. The *Tories*, if it had not been for the Duke's *lapsus*, would have made it last out longer than the present set; because the Tories know that the less they stir the better; but the miserable Whigs came into office so *pledged* (awful word), so completely pledged to make great changes, that it would have been as impossible for them to keep still, as it is now impossible for them to move without doing mischief. To be sure, we should have had the Whigs on the side of Reform if they had been out of office, and that would have made the *Parliamentary* career of the Tories a more difficult one than that of the Whigs now is; but the change which has taken place is the very thing which every friend of his country must rejoice at, because it has demonstrated to the whole nation, that, for all purposes hostile to the public good, the two parties are one. Close observers knew this well enough before; but it was not known to the people at large, as the present *Whiggish* character of the

Commons House proves: the events, however, of the last five or six months must have penetrated the duller heads, and have opened the eyes of all that were not born blind.

3rd.—At the evening sitting of the Commons yesterday, Mr. HUME moved for a grant of £35,000 for defraying the expense of building a new House of Commons. The House rejected the motion by a majority of 84, there being 154 against 70. Sir M. W. RIDLEY "thought the present house had *conveniences* which they might not find in another." We really think so; and hope there will be no change of *house* until there has been a complete change of *members*. When the members come to be chosen as they ought to be, a very small part of the sum now expended for "secret services" will be sufficient for the erection of a suitable house.—Mr. BUCKINGHAM moved—

"For a Select Committee to consider the practicability of progressively reducing the National Debt, by its conversion into terminable annuities, at gradually diminishing rates of interest, so as to lessen its burden every year; and to determine the best mode of assessing the property and income of the kingdom to meet the expense of such conversion; and to form, at the same time, a surplus revenue fund, which shall enable the Parliament progressively to repeal those imposts which bear most heavily on the agricultural, manufacturing, and shipping interests of the country."

LORD ALTHORP said the proposed plan would require additional taxation to the amount of *eighteen millions* a-year, for thirty years to come! Mr. BUCKINGHAM replied, that the increase would not exceed *five millions*. This is an odd way of lightening the burdens of the nation! It is now too late to talk about what is just and what is unjust in reference to this subject: we have been going on so long *talking* about justice, whilst we have been practising *injustice*, that the ideas of men are in a state of confusion such as never before prevailed upon any subject. There were 95 members present, of whom 38 voted for the motion, and 57 against it: majority, 19.—The moment the Bank Charter plan was made known to us, we saw that our bright "youths" had in this, as in every thing else, "stirred" more than they could "quiet." On the 1st of *June*, we said the plan had puzzled the wise men of the press—that it had taken them by *surprise*. To-day, the *Times* begins an article on the subject thus: "The attempts which are now making to render Bank-notes a legal tender struck us, *at the first*, with *surprise*; but the more we consider the subject and the parties, our surprise increases." The *surprise* must, indeed, have been very great; for the profound man was a whole month in recovering from it. This paper, which calls itself the "Leader," presuming upon the ignorance of the "respectable" part of its readers, puts forth its dogmas with surprising boldness; but it always waits to ascertain what is likely to be palatable to those readers before it takes a decided part on any subject.

4th.—At the sitting of the Commons yesterday, a number of petitions were presented; and, amongst them, one by Col. EVANS, from the inhabitants of the Strand and its vicinity, and from the parish of *St. James's*, Westminster, complaining of the distressed state of trade, and praying for a reduction of taxation. We have no doubt that the complaints of these petitioners are well-founded; neither have we any

doubt that the distress which they complain of will be much greater before they obtain any relief. A great part of these petitioners have got their bread from those who lived, and still live, upon the taxes; and the measures necessary to relieve the country at large would take from the customers of those who inhabit "the Strand and its vicinity" the means which they now possess of living in luxury. If the Government be deprived of the house and window tax, it must cease to pay some pensioners and sinecurists; and that, as Mr. HORACE TWISS observed some time ago, would occasion "a great mass of private distress." And would the inhabitants of "the Strand and its vicinity" like to see distress produced among those delicate *ladies*, and not less delicate *gentlemen*, without whom the "Strand" and even St. James's would be a scene of dulness?—The House went into Committee on the Bank Charter question. Lord ALTHORP announced his intention to give up, for this Session, his projected measure for establishing Joint Stock Banks, having ascertained that the opposition of the Country Bankers would be too powerful for him. He also relinquishes that part of his plan which was intended to make Bank of England notes a legal tender for the Country Bankers' *fives*. They are to pay their fives in gold; but only *one at a time* can be demanded in gold!

5th.—This morning, *between two and three o'clock*, the Jury on the trial of *George Furzey*, for stabbing, with intent to murder, two policemen of the names of Brooks and Redwood, at the Spa-fields Meeting, on the 13th of May, returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*. The conduct of the policemen was proved on the trial to have been most brutal; and so it was before the Coroner's Jury on the body of the policeman Culley; and yet Lord MELBOURNE thought proper to offer £200 reward for the discovery of the person who killed him, representing it to have been a *murder*, and that the policeman was in the discharge of his duty. Lord MELBOURNE's opinion as to what is the *duty* of a policeman ought to be borne in mind. The announcement of the verdict was received with *loud cheers* both within and without the Court.

6th.—Yesterday evening, Lord ALTHORP gave notice of a motion for Tuesday next, for the appointment of a Select Committee to inquire into the circumstances of the late affray in Calthorpe Street.—On the motion of Lord ASHLEY, the House went into Committee on the "Factories Bill," after considerable opposition, Lord ALTHORP having proposed that the measures should be referred to a Select Committee. On a division, there were for Lord ASHLEY's motion, 164; against it, 141: majority, 23.—After this, Mr. STANLEY brought in *his* Bill for the "Abolition of Slavery in the West Indies." Read a first time.—The failure of the firm of FAIRLIE, CLARKE, INNES, and Co., East India Merchants, is expected to produce great distress. Their debts are said to amount to some *millions sterling*! One of the partners in this firm is related by marriage to the Prime Minister, and another of them to the Speaker of the House of Commons.

8th.—The energy displayed by the people in their endeavours to obtain justice for the Calthorpe Street outrage, seconded as they have been by two public-spirited and intelligent juries, and aided by the independent part of the press, has baffled their enemies, and made the most powerful and most base of them succumb. Every one must re-



collect the endeavours of the *Times* to stifle the inquiry before the Coroner; particularly its attack upon Mr. STALLWOOD, the gentleman who stepped forward in the outset to give evidence as to the brutal conduct of the Police. But the day of the influence of this press is, we believe, gone by, never to return. It is now calling for that inquiry which it before endeavoured to prevent, and which it would prevent still, if it could.

9th.—In the Commons yesterday, the Irish Church Temporalities Bill was read a third time and passed, but not without several members expressing, in very decided terms, their opinions that the alterations which had been made rendered it rather an evil than a good. Col. EVANS thought it would have the effect of *strengthening* the Irish Church. Mr. HUME said, the principle of the Bill was so changed, that its tendency must be to *strengthen* the Church of Ireland. Mr. O'CONNELL admitted that the abolition of the vestry cess was some relief; but it gave no other, and was rather a gratuitous insult: he should, therefore, oppose the Bill. For the third reading, 274; against it, 94: majority, 180.

10th.—The Lords, yesterday evening, rejected the LORD CHANCELLOR's Local Courts Bill by a majority of 5, there being 73 for the third reading this day six months, and 68 against it. It appears to us that the great error of the "wisest brightest of mankind," is, that it does not distinguish between those evils which arise from the disordered state of society—and for which no laws could provide a remedy—and those which are owing to the defective administration of the laws now in existence. In the administration of the present laws there are great abuses; but those abuses will not be rectified by additional laws. What the country wants is, a return to that state of things in which the mass of the people have no occasion for law. Lord BROUGHAM says, and he says truly, that the country is crying out for justice; but to answer their cry for *justice* by giving them *law*, is akin to answering their cry for *bread* by giving them a *stone*. Let the *Government* do justice to the mass of the people, and we will answer for it that no *new* laws will be necessary to make the people do justice to one another. Bad as is the state of society, there is now a better sense of justice between man and man than there is on the part of Government towards the whole. This is the source of our hope for the future. The people have drunk deep of affliction, and "by sorrowing the heart is made better." But whilst they have learned "to feel another's woe," they have learned also to appreciate the characters of those who have caused that woe.—In the Commons, Mr. F. O'CONNOR moved—

"That an humble Address be presented to His Majesty, praying that he will be graciously pleased not to recognise or in any way give the sanction of his Government to the present political state and condition of Poland, the same having been brought about in violation of the Treaty of Vienna, to which Great Britain was a party."

Lord ALTHORP moved the previous question. On the division, there were 95 for Mr. O'CONNOR's motion; against it, 177: majority, 82.

11th.—In the Commons yesterday, the East India Company's Charter Bill was read a second time.—The SOLICITOR-GENERAL moved to postpone till Wednesday next the committal of the Imprisonment for

Debt Bill, in consequence of the Lords having thrown out the Local Courts Bill, as the Judges to be appointed under that Bill were to have acted in certain cases under this Bill.

12th.—The Commons yesterday went into Committee on the Irish Grand Jury Bill, after some opposition from several Irish members, who represented it as crude and hasty, and many of its provisions as likely to be inoperative.—Mr. H. L. BULWER moved—

“That an Address be presented to His Majesty, praying him to lay before the House copies of papers respecting the measures pursued by Russia in her interference with the state of Turkey.”

After some explanations on the part of Lord PALMERSTON, the motion was withdrawn.

13th.—The Commons yesterday went into Committee on the East India Company's Charter Bill. To the first clause, “To renew the Charter till 1854,” Mr. HUME moved as an amendment, to substitute 1844, which Mr. GRANT opposed. On a division there were 77 against the amendment, and 26 for it: majority, 51. A great many other clauses were agreed to.—Sir J. WROTTESELEY gave notice that he would, on Monday, move for a call of the House on Thursday next, in consequence of what had occurred last night “in another place.”—The *Chronicle* of to-day, in a violent article on the subject of the expected “collision” between the two Houses, says, “If Parliament were to be dissolved, members would have to face their constituents and render an account of their trust!” What does the *Chronicle* mean by this? Why, the “Reformed House” has done every thing the *Chronicle's* patrons have asked it to do, even to the rescinding of its own solemn vote; and does the *Chronicle* mean to say or insinuate that the “Reformed Constituency” would not be satisfied with the “account” which the “reformed” members would have to give? The *Chronicle* says, “The Tories cannot retake the old Citadel:” what, then, is there to fear? According to the *Chronicle*, the public voice would be sufficient to keep the Tories out: the people, therefore, have nothing to do but to compel the Whigs either to relieve them from the burden of the taxes, or to give way to those who are ready to perform the good work. But we do not exactly agree with the *Chronicle*; and, to confess the truth, we do not think it quite sincere. We believe that the *Chronicle* thinks the Tories *would* come in again if the Whigs went out, and we are of the same opinion. We do not believe that the “Reformed Constituency” is yet ripe for the necessary changes; and we wish to see the CONCERN in the hands of one or the other of the *Factions* until it come to a *full stop*. We are quite sure that the people, even the “Reformed Constituency” as a body, are greatly a-head, in intelligence and public spirit, of those who are at present their leaders. The backwardness in giving pledges at the last election, showed beyond doubt that the candidates were undecided, or, perhaps, in many instances, were decided to go against the people. As to the question of Whigs or Tories for ministers, we think there can be no room to hesitate. With the Whigs in power we have Tory measures supported by the Tories: with the Tories in office we should have the Whigs in opposition, and with their aid the Radicals would be able to *force* a change upon the

Tories. The Tories never deceive any body by professions about liberty; but, as the Poet of the *Times* says—

“The Whigs when in office a short year or two,  
By a *lusus natura* all turn into Tories.”

15th.—The *Chronicle* says, “Whoever be ministers, the house and window tax cannot be continued another year.” Why, it is not long since the *Chronicle* threatened those who were clamouring for a repeal of this tax, with voluntary arming of another part of the people for the purpose of putting the clamourers down. This trimming is now thoroughly understood.

16th.—In the Commons yesterday, Mr. COBBETT complained to the House that the evidence given before the Committee appointed to inquire into the case of *Popay* the policeman, who was accused of acting as a spy, had been published in an unstamped paper called the *Police Gazette*, accompanied by comments disparaging to the characters of the witnesses. One honourable member, Mr. HAWES, complained of *Popay* being called a spy. Now, if it be disgraceful to be employed as a spy, what is it to be the employer? Lord ALTHORP avowed that policemen had been employed to watch the proceedings of the people at their meetings, and that when so employed they had been disguised.

—Sir JOHN WROTTESELEY’S motion turned out what Sir R. PEEL would call “a flash in the pan.” The Honourable Baronet wished to bring a “collision” at once; but the Ministers, who, as the *Times* says, “have never courage to face an enemy,” shrunk from the conflict, and voted against their friend’s motion for a call of the House. All the Ministers deprecated any step that might look like a “menace” against the “other House.” The House divided: against the call of the House, 160; for it, 125: majority, 35.

17th.—In the Commons yesterday, Mr. RUTHVEN brought forward the motion of which he had given notice—

“That the reduction of taxation and the diminution of the public burdens by every attention to economy are objects of paramount importance; and that, in justice to the people who pay taxes, all sinecure places should be abolished throughout the British Empire.”

This motion was carried; but there were only 166 members present; and we have the authority of Sir ROBERT PEEL, that the House is not bound by any vote, even of double that number, if the vote be in favour of the people.—The *True Sun* of to-day, in answer to a correspondent who charges that paper with having, in conjunction with Mr. COBBETT, done more than all the Tory organs put together, to restore the Tory party to power, says:—

“To many of Mr. COBBETT’S opinions we are decidedly opposed; but if Mr. COBBETT differed from us on every point as widely as ‘a Lancashire Farmer’ appears to do on the subject of our opposition to the Whigs, we should, nevertheless, be happy to give a place in the *True Sun* to Mr. COBBETT’S communications.”

This is honourable to the character of the *True Sun*: it is the true principle by which a “best possible public instructor” ought to be guided. If the *Thunderer* would subject itself to this test, how very soon it would find its bolts turned against itself! If the “obscure private gentleman” would act thus, how long would he be able to shoot

his poisonous arrows in the dark? If he who speaks of his own lucubrations as "awful" would permit a fair criticism of them in the same columns that convey them to that *enlightened* portion of the community who think it "an honour to the country" to have such a vehicle, how very soon should we have the truth of that saying demonstrated, that "from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step"! In short, if the poison and the antidote could be sent forth together, how harmless would that poison become! As it is, the poison is conveyed so insidiously that the wretched victims imagine they are taking nutritious food. It is with the mind as with the body; the sufferer acquires a depraved taste, so that in time that which is wholesome is rejected as unpalatable, whilst the subtle poison, giving temporary enjoyment, is received as a healing medicine.

18th.—In the Lords yesterday, Lord GREY moved the second reading of the Irish Church Temporalities Bill. The Earl of RODEN moved an amendment that the Bill be read a second time that day six months. A long debate ensued, at the end of which an adjournment took place.

19th.—In the Commons yesterday, the Factories Regulation Bill came again under consideration. Lord ALTHORP moved that the age of 13 should be substituted for that of 18, as the age at which children should be protected. He said he looked to an alteration in the present system, not with confidence, but with "fear and trembling." The House sympathised with the Noble Lord (what a pity the members could not witness the "fear and trembling" of the poor factory children!), and carried his amendment by a majority of 145, there being 93 for Lord ASHLEY's clause, and 238 against it: whereupon Lord ASHLEY said he should resign the Bill into the hands of the noble CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER.

20th.—This morning at four o'clock the Lords ended a three days' debate on the question of the second reading of the Irish Church Temporalities Bill, when, on a division, there were—

Contents: Present .....	104
Proxies .....	53—157
Non-Contents: Present .....	68
Proxies .....	30—98
Majority for the second reading	<hr/> 59 <hr/>

We should have been inclined to characterise the *other House* as the House of *Stultiloquence*; but really, when we look at this debate, we cannot help thinking that their Lordships are jealous of the pre-eminence of the Lower House in this respect, and have endeavoured to surpass it.

22nd.—There is considerable excitement in the public mind on account of the conduct of the police. On Monday last a young lady was brought before the Magistrate at Marlborough Street Office, charged by a policeman with having, without any provocation, struck him on the face. For this assault the policeman had taken her to the station-house, and caused her to be locked up along with women of the worst description. On investigation, it turned out that it was the lady who had been assaulted by the policeman, who had conducted himself



in a most outrageous manner. The Magistrate held him to bail.— On Saturday an inquest was held at the Wheatsheaf public-house, Shadwell, on the body of a waterman, named John Wood, who, it was alleged, had been killed by a policeman. The inquest was adjourned.

24th.—In the Commons yesterday, Mr. TENNYSON brought forward his motion for the repeal of the Septennial Act. How did Mr. TENNYSON feel when the division took place? having, only a few days before, met his constituents at a feast to celebrate the passing of the "*Reform*" Bill. Whilst he felt disgust at the conduct of the apostates who unblushingly renounced their former opinions, he must have felt sorrow for the deluded people who have put their trust in these paltering Whigs. The people of Lambeth must be pinched a little more before they will be induced to make the efforts which are necessary to ensure a *real* Reform. Lord ALTHORP moved the previous question, which was carried by a majority of 49, there being 213 against 164.—The Lords were again engaged in performing "Much a-do about Nothing:" several clauses of the Irish Church "*Reform*" Bill were carried. On that for reducing the number of Bishops, the Duke of WELLINGTON moved an amendment, which, however, was negatived by a majority of 14, there being 90 against 76.

### CRITICAL NOTICES.

*The Colonies: treating of their value generally—of the Ionian Islands in particular, &c.* By COLONEL CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, C. B. Svo. pp. 608, with Plates. London, 1833.

THIS work is, in the main, political, though it is not so exclusively. It relates to the government of the Ionian Islands, those spots of ground on the Mediterranean Sea which have been the theatre of political struggles and of the inventions in government and acts that have left an impression on the annals of the world such as the efforts of no other country has equalled. It would be strange, therefore, if great interest were not always alive to any thing connected with these Islands, interesting from recollections, from the vicissitudes that their people have undergone, from their peculiar situation and their present importance; but particularly interesting to *us* now that they are parts of our own kingdom.

We regret that we cannot now do justice to the work before us; but yet we cannot pass it over for a month without notice. On looking it through in a hasty manner, we find that it contains incidents so numerous and so varied in subject matter, as to make up a body of information political, statistical, agricultural and natural upon the Ionian Islands, and particularly upon that of Cefalonia, such as render this book not only instructive, but exceedingly amusing. Colonel NAPIER had all the means, to be sure, of providing himself with the materials for an interesting book. He was resident Governor of the Island which he particularly writes on; and his great knowledge as a soldier, together with the advantages of his literary habits, made him

peculiarly fitted for giving us information upon the importance, the condition and the management, and the necessities, of the Island that was under his command.

A personal quarrel between himself and the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, Sir FREDERICK ADAM, seems to have been the occasion of publishing the book; and, in the Appendix, p. 456, we have the grounds of that quarrel, in a speech made by Sir F. ADAM at Cefalonia in 1830, in passing his sentence on some state prisoners. That part of it which relates to Col. NAPIER is in these words:—

“There are, I say, measures of my Resident, Col. NAPIER, and I should not fear to say it to him personally, that I disapprove of; but there are others that I approve highly. I have the highest esteem and affection for Col. NAPIER, and have the honour of being a friend of his; and perhaps my feelings of friendship have induced me to think too favourably of some of his measures; but I certainly feel, and every one must see, that if the good which he has rendered to Cefalonia was put in a balance against the evils, the good would infinitely, most infinitely, overbalance them. The system of administration of justice which he has established, seconded, ably seconded, by the administrators, will at once show the good that has been done by Col. NAPIER. Now, the poor man can get justice against the gentleman, who cannot, as in former times, oppress and injure him.”

We do not quote this passage for the sake of beginning an examination of the question as to which of the two (Sir. F. ADAM or Col. NAPIER) was right in the dispute, for that will never be the interesting part of this book; but to show that Colonel NAPIER was taking an active part in the government of the Island which he describes, and that, therefore, he had all the opportunities of well knowing what he writes about; and, limited as our space is, we cannot help quoting a passage, p. 357, from this work, in which the voting by means of ballot is exemplified in an instance so complete, that he must be a hardy man, indeed, who says a word against it when it is required to be put in operation under such circumstances, after reading the anecdote here narrated.

“When Sir Thomas Maitland assumed the government of the Ionian Islands, he abolished the election of members of the Legislative Assembly by ballot, which had hitherto prevailed, and he established the vote *riva voce*. I am not aware of any other act of his which gave so much dissatisfaction.

“While the ballot existed, elections passed quietly, there was no canvassing; rough natures grew rather more civil at such periods; the thermometer of urbanity ranged higher; no bribes were thought of. A tolerable guess was, perhaps, made how each man would vote, but no one was sure. Anger, or violence, provoked black beans; affability conciliated white beans. The effect was, as I have said, that increased cordiality was perceived in society, and bad feelings (for the moment at least) were repressed.

“But when the open vote was established, the fiercest passions burst forth. Those men, whose natures were kind, and who loved harmony and peace, firmly refused to approach the poll; island feuds, which time had begun to soften down to simple coolness, blazed forth with renewed violence, as the falling roof of a burning house sends the flames up, reddening, to the skies; the foul hand of bribery went to work; contention took all its forms; slander, law-suits, personal quarrels, and all the evils that result from party violence, were excited at the elections. Old, and steady men, regretted this disorder:

they attributed it all to the loss of the ballot. I have often said to my acquaintance, 'What, are you and such a one enemies?' 'Yes; the accursed elections cost me his friendship. The *viva voce*, Colonel! He cannot pardon my vote: yet, had I given it to him, men, as dear to me as he was, would have cursed my children. We owe that to you Englishmen: it, perhaps, suits your country; it don't suit ours.' The staunchest friend of the English, and the greatest admirers of Sir Thomas Maitland, have thus spoken to me. Sir Thomas wished for influence; and this, the abolition of the ballot gave to his Government. I must say, that, in Cefalonia, and I believe in all the islands, as far as the Government were concerned, every man went to the poll, free to vote as he chose. On the contrary, under Count Capo d'Istria, when the Provisional Government existed, the Count made a show of free elections, it is well known that the *Πρόξυνοι* (or chiefs of each local government) were ordered to unseal, secretly, at night, the urns into which the votes had been put during the day, and remove the white beans into the urn bearing the names of the Government candidates, re-sealing the urn! This fact is well known; those who did it avow it openly. I mention it to show how cautiously the ballot should be regulated. Sir Thomas used to tell the people that he abolished the ballot to give boldness to the Greek character: but he said this only to rich young travellers, red hot from Oxford, and brimful of John Bullism, come to study '*the laws, customs, characters, and antiquities of the Greeks*,' and whom Sir Thomas called '*fools looking after old stones*.' But he secretly laughed at the idea of making the Greeks bold; he knew that they were bold enough: no such nonsense entered his head. It is really amusing to hear men talk of its being '*un-English and cowardly*' to vote by ballot. Why do the members of the United Service Club, and all other clubs, vote by ballot, if it is so vile? Are our generals, and our admirals, so '*un-English*'? Do they, the chivalry of England—and history records none more brilliant—fear saying openly, '*I vote against that gentleman's admission*?' Are they to be so '*un-English*,' and to adopt the ballot as a protection from this slight inconvenience to politeness; while a poor man, whose total ruin would attend the same speech at the hustings, is to be called a coward, if he shrink from what would starve his children? Formerly we were told, '*of two evils choose the least*.' The doctrine now is altered: '*of two evils choose the greatest*.' Starve your children, rather than give your vote against your politics.

\* \* \*

"The Ionian members are elected by a chosen body called the '*Synclita*:' their aggregate numbers I do not know. In Cefalonia there are about 600; of which number, only 320 have ever been brought to vote since the abolition of the ballot. I can see no objection to making a more extended constituency; for nearly the whole of the population are proprietors. However, I shall not discuss this subject, as it would lead me into a dissertation on the constitution generally. Under the present form, it signifies nothing who the electors are, the government is an autocracy (see Constitution); and, until the ballot is restored, very few of the electors will give their votes. This number will gradually diminish; and, at no very distant period, I suspect that the elections will end in the mere nomination of the members by the local governments."

To any one whom interest prompts to gain an accurate knowledge of the present condition of this body of Islands; to any traveller who is in want of the knowledge of localities and that previous insight to manners and customs which travellers require before they begin to travel; or, lastly, to those readers of history who are curious in the tracing of changes throughout the world, or who are mere readers from curiosity,—we recommend Colonel NAPIER'S book as the most likely that we have seen to gratify these wants. It is ornamented by eighteen lithographic plates to illustrate different parts of it; and, if

we hazard a critical remark upon this performance as a whole without better acquaintance with it, it is, that the pity is that such a book should be marred by being made to bear about the records of a personal dispute between Sir F. ADAM and the Author, which consumes more room than the reader can spare for it, notwithstanding he may be prejudiced in favour of the Author.—However, as we should not have had the book but for the quarrel, let us take it, quarrel and all.

---

*A Series of Maritime and Mercantile Tables, illustrative of the Shipping as connected with the Trade and Commerce of Great Britain, especially as relates to those Nations with whom we have Reciprocity Treaties, carefully compiled from authentic Parliamentary Documents, and accompanied by lengthened and explanatory Notes.* By WILLIAM RICHMOND. Folio. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1833.

THIS work is very well worth the pains of studying. It consists of 21 Tables, compiled from Parliamentary documents which are quoted, and which are designed to show that the Reciprocity Treaties of Mr. HUSKISSON have ruined the ship-owners of England; or, in the words of the author, "That the whole tonnage of England, amidst all the increased employment which the increased demand of their own country has so certainly given rise to, are, as a source of profit or benefit to their proprietors, worse than nothing." Abominably incorrect language, to be sure; but the meaning is to be gathered from it nevertheless, and, allowing that the documents from which the tables are compiled are faithfully copied, Mr. RICHMOND has made out a case by fact consisting of figures, which *he* would not have done by the same means if he had been constrained to the use of words. He has shown clearly that foreign ship-owners are wresting our carrying trade from us, and he has shown why it is; he has shown, also, that the loss occasioned by a crippled marine is not made up to us by that increase of demand for our own produce and manufactures which formed Mr. HUSKISSON's grand excuse for the new system; and, having done this, he has made out his case. We can safely recommend this book to all Englishmen, but we *urge it* upon those who have any influence, and who, at the same time, have any reverence for our decaying walls of wood.

---

*Catholic Annual, containing the Circle of the Seasons, and Key to the Calendar, with the Illustrations of the Natural History and Botany of every Day in the Year.* 12mo. pp. 432. London, 1833.

THE *Catholic Annual* is a publication chiefly useful to Catholics; but in the number of the present year there is joined to it a most entertaining and useful little volume, called the "Circle of the Seasons," which of itself is a real companion for every day in the year, of which it gives a succinct history, moral, philosophical and natural, every page containing the history of one day; and, as in the days of the winter months the varieties of nature will be fewer than in those of the summer, the authors have here supplied the deficiency by introducing



the most popular and highly-prized pieces of legendary poetry of the different nations of Europe, sometimes translated and sometimes not. We have given below a whole page (220) of this little work, selecting one which bears the history of a day not distant from the day of publication of this number of our Magazine, and which, too, is a fair specimen of the other pages of the book.

"AUG. 7. ST. CAJETAN, confessor, A. D. 1547.

SS. Donatus and Hilarinus, martyrs, 361.

*Obs.* St. Cajetan was born in the year 1480. He was recommended from his birth to the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, and through his eminent virtues was from his infancy surnamed the Saint. He associated himself to the confraternity of the Love of God, and afterwards entered the Order of the Theatins, of which he was made general for three years in 1530. The principal ends of this order were to preach to the people, assist the sick, oppose errors in faith, and re-establish regularity and disinterestedness among the clergy. His life was an example of piety and zeal, and he calmly expired on the 7th of August, 1547. Under the life of St. Cajetan, in Butler's Lives, will be found an account of the Congregations of Regular Clerks.

Princes' Feather *Amaranthus Hypochondriacus* full fl.

Crosswort Gentian *Gentiana cruciata* defl.

Tiger Lily *Lilium Tigrinum* full fl.

Great Toadflax *Linaria vulgaris* fl. common.

Lesser Persicary *Polygonum minus* fl.

Small Waterwort *Elatine Hydropiper* fl.

The Amaranth is recommended, among other flowers, as a food for Bees :

————— Il timo e l'Amaranto  
Dei trapiantare ancora, e quell' altr' erbe  
Che danno a questa greggia amabil cibo.

*L' Api del Rucellai.*

Moore speaks of them as being used for the hair :

Amaranths such as crown the maids  
That wander through Zamara's shades.

From a passage in Don Quixote, one may suppose that Amaranths were sometimes worn by the Spanish ladies in the time of Cervantes. But these passages do not sufficiently mark out the species: the Princes' Feather is distinguished by its very dark red leaves, the Love lies Bleeding having light green leaves and a trailing flower, and the other species being modifications of the two above.

The Tiger Lily now in full flower might at a distance be mistaken for the Turkscap Lilies. Though of so recent introduction, it is becoming common even in the cottage gardens of Sussex: its bulbs being very easy of growth, the plant is extremely prolific: its pale salmon-coloured flowers are not so beautiful as those of the Orange Lily, now gone out of blow.

On gravelly soils Elms now begin to show yellow in the leaves, and Limes not only yellow, but begin to fall.

The poisonous berries of the Deadly Nightshade appear, and children should be cautioned against eating them: indeed the greatest part of black berries are more or less poisonous.

The Great Toadflax or Snapdragon, with its permanent variety the Peloria, is now commonly seen in our hedges, like a tall straw-coloured spike of flowers, mixed with a deep yellow in the inside.

Vipers now bring forth their young; they are distinguished by being viviparous from Snakes, who deposit their eggs in dunghills or in the ground, and the young ones are often hatched about this time."

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

---

### BOOKS FORTHCOMING.

Theory of Pneumatology. By Dr. Johann Heinrich Jung-Stilling. From the German, by Samuel Jackson.

A Life of Cuvier. By Mrs. Lee.

Dr. Ayre, of Hull, has in the press a work on the Malignant Cholera, and on the Treatment of it by small and frequently-repeated Doses of Calomel.

Lectures on Painting, delivered at the Royal Academy. By Thomas Phillips, Esq., R. A.

The History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, from the Accession of James I. By J. S. Reid, D. D.

Retzsch's Outlines of Macbeth will appear in the course of the summer.

A work on the History and Antiquities of the Ancient Bourbonnais is about to be published in successive *livraisons*, forming two vols. folio; with Lithographic Engravings, illustrative of the Antiquities, Manners, and Customs of the Province.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The first number of a Translation of Cuvier's "*Règne Animal*." 8vo.

New Literary Flowers, in French and English. By François Le Harivel. 12mo.

A Series of Maritime and Mercantile Tables, illustrative of the Shipping, as connected with the Trade and Commerce of Great Britain, &c. By William Richmond. Folio.

Catholic Annual, containing the Circle of the Seasons and Key to the Calendar, with the Illustrations of the Natural History and Botany of every Day in the Year. 12mo.

The Colonies, treating of their value generally—of the Ionian Islands in particular, &c. By Col. C. J. Napier, C. B. 8vo.

---

## THE MARKETS.

## CORN MARKET, MARK LANE, July 22nd.

## BRITISH GRAIN (PER QUARTER).

	s.	s.	s.		s.	s.
WHEAT, Essex and Kent..	Red 58 to 60	extra 63	..	White	61 to 66	
Suffolk & Norfolk	—	55 to 59	..	—	58	62
West Country	—	56 60	..	—	60	63
Northumberland & Scotch..	—	50 55	..	—	56	58
Irish	—	45 50	..	—	46	54
RYE					32	34
BUCKWHEAT					29	32
BARLEY, New Malting, fine nominal.					26	30
Do. Stained		23 to 26	..	Distilling.	25	27
Grinding					24	27
MALT, Brown, Old, 38	New 50	—	..	Suffolk & Norfolk pale	51	59
Stained	44	50	..	Ware	54	65
BEANS, Tick	New 32	34	..	Old	34	40
Harrow and Small	— 35	38	..	—	37	40
PEAS, Boiling, New	40	42	..	Fine	44	—
Maple	32	36	..	Hog and Grey	31	34
OATS, English Feed	16	20	..	Short small	17	21
Do. Polands					18	19
Scotch Common	20	22	..	Berwick	21	24
Do. Potatoe					23	25
Irish Feed	17	18 6	Black	17 to 18	6	
Do. Potatoe					19	23
FLOUR, Town-made and first Country marks				(per sack)	50	52 55
Norfolk and Suffolk					45	48
Stockton and Yorkshire					43	46
Irish					43	45
OATMEAL, Irish				(per ton)	£9 to £11	
BRAN, at the Mills				(per 16 bushels)	8s 6d to 9s	
Wheaten Bread, from 8½d to 9d; Household ditto, 6½d to 7d, per 4lbs. Loaf.						

Wheaten Bread, from 8½d to 9d; Household ditto, 6½d to 7d, per 4lbs. Loaf.

## FOREIGN GRAIN (PER QUARTER).

		Free.		In Bond.	
		s.	s.	s.	s.
WHEAT, Danzig, Königsberg, &c.....		56	to 66	..	30 to 48
Saale, Marks, Anhalt, and Magdeburg .....		48	62	..	24 34
Silesian and Stettin.....		51	62	..	25 36
Mecklenburg and Pomeranian .....		47	60	..	24 36
Zealand and Brabant .....		—	—	..	— —
Danish and Holstein.....		46	58	..	24 33
Russian.....	Hard 48 to 55 .. Soft .....	42	52	..	23 33
Spanish Hard 44s 50s. Soft 50 52 ..	White.....	52	62	..	26 43
Tuscan and Roman..Red 50 58 ..	Do.....	56	62	..	36 43
Odessa .....	Hard 44 48 .. Soft.....	44	48	..	22 32
Canadian .....	Red 50 52 .. White.....	30	60	..	— —
INDIAN CORN.....	Red and Yellow 30 34 .. Do.....	30	34	..	— —
RYE .....		32	36	..	24 26
BUCKWHEAT .....		30	32	..	— —
BARLEY, Bohemian, Silesian, and Saale.....		28	32	..	} nominal.
Danzig and Russian .....		26	27	..	
Pomeranian and Mecklenburg.....		24	26	..	
Holstein and Danish.....		22	27	..	

nominal.

nominal.

## FOREIGN GRAIN—(CONTINUED).

	s.			Free.			In Bond.	
	s.	s.		s.	s.		s.	s.
BEANS, Tick .....	32	to 34	.. Small	35	to 37	..	24	to 26
Mediterranean .....				31	33	..	22	24
PEAS, Non-Boilers .....	34	37	.. Boiling	35	40	..	26	30
OATS, Dutch and Friesland, Brew .....				20	21	..	15	18
Do. Do. Feed .....				16	17	..	12	14
Russian, Feed .....				17	18	..	10	11
Mecklenburg and Pomeranian ditto .....				15	16	..	9	10
Holstein and Danish ditto .....				15	16	..	9	10
FLOUR, Danzig .....			(per barrel)	30	32	}		
American .....				30	32		17	24
Canadian .....				27	30			

## ENGLISH SEEDS.

CLOVER, per cwt. ....	Red	40	60 to 65	....	White	50 to 64
RAPESEED, per last .....	Crushing	£24	£26	....	Seed	£26 £27
HEMP, per qr. ....	Small	36	38	....	Large	40 42
CANARY, per qr. ....						70 74
TURNIP SEED, per bushel .....						12 16
MUSTARD, per bushel ...	White	7	8/3	....	Brown	17 21
TREFOIL, per cwt. ....						24 26
CORIANDER, per cwt. ....						10 15
CARAWAY .....						68 72
LINSEED CAKE, per 1000 .....					£11 to	£12 12
RAPE, per ton .....					£5 to	£5 5

## FOREIGN SEEDS.

CLOVER, per cwt. French .....	Red	40	60 to 66
Dutch and Brabant ....	White	45 to 64	.... 46 60
American .....			60 64
German, Silesian, and Bohemian .....		42 64	.... 38 64
RAPESEED, per last .....			£24 £26
LINSEED, per qr. Baltic .....	Crushing	40 48	Sowing.. 50 55
TARES, per bushel .....			3 6 4 0
LINSEED CAKE, per ton .....			£6 £7
RAPE, per ton .....			£4 15 £5
Duties { Hemp, 1s per qr. Linseed and Rape, 1s per qr. Tares, 10s per qr. Mus-			
tard, 8s per bushel. Clover, 20s per cwt. Carraway, 30s. Coriander,			
15s. Trefoil, 20s. Oil Cakes, 3s 4d per ton.			

## HOP MARKET, BOROUGH, JULY 22.

The reports from the plantations are more favourable, and if fine weather continues, the bines promise well. The Duty is estimated at £180,000.

## PRICE OF STOCKS, JULY 26.

3 per Cent. Consols .....	88 $\frac{7}{8}$	to 9	4 per Cent. ....	103 to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Consols, for Account,			Long Annuities .....	17 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Aug. 28 .....	89	to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	India Stock .....	238 $\frac{1}{2}$ to 239 $\frac{1}{2}$
3 per Cent. Reduced .....	89 $\frac{3}{8}$	to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bank Stock .....	207 to 208
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Reduced .....	96 $\frac{1}{2}$	to 6	Exchequer Bills .....	57s to 58s
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. New .....	95 $\frac{7}{8}$	to 6	India Bonds .....	32s to 34s